THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

VOL. I.

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THE

WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"DE LISLE," AND "THE TRIALS OF LIFE."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE

WAY OF THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

> " So like the chances are in love and war,
> That they alone in this distinguished are;
> In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
> They fly that wound, and they pursue that die."
>
> WALLER.

" GONE ?" exclaimed Lord William Neville, springing as he spoke from his bed into the middle of the room. " Miss Laurimer gone ? —Impossible !"

The impetuosity of this exclamation, and the extraordinary gesture with which it was

accompanied, might have provoked a smile from a valet whose muscles were under less strict discipline than those of Lord William Neville's. Mr. Brown, however, knew his master, and loved himself much too well to give way to any such unseasonable display of the amusement he felt, and, with most imperturbable coolness he humbly repeated the statement which had excited his master's surprise. "Lady Maddalena and her niece are certainly gone, my Lord. You may see the carriage turn the corner of the lane from this window."

Lord William flew to the window, and discovered the well known, plain, and somewhat old fashioned carriage of Lady Maddalena Guyden, driving in the direction Mr. Brown had indicated. He proceeded to the business of dressing, with a rapidity wholly unusual to him; filling every pause with an expression of impatience which proved his entire concurrence

in the opinions of those philosophers who have maintained that the heart is relieved by the utterance of loud exclamations. "Bid Martin saddle the roan mare and bring her round instantly," he said, and Brown retired to execute his orders and to gratify himself by indulging a sneer with his companions, at what he called a fresh proof of his master's incurable insanity.

Lord William was soon dressed. "At least I know the road they take, and where they must stop for horses," he said; "and, cunningly as Lady Maddalena has managed this retreat, she shall not prevent my attack, although she may hasten it."

He had one foot in the stirrup when the obsequious Brown approached and respectfully reminded him he had not ordered breakfast. "Damn the breakfast and you too, sir," replied his master; and almost before he had concluded this hasty *benedicite*, he was on the full

gallop in pursuit of Lady Maddalena's carriage, which he overtook just as she and her young companion were alighting at the inn which ended their first stage.

The emotions which his appearance excited in the fair travellers were as different as their characters. Lady Maddalena bit her lip with vexation as she glanced at his reeking steed; while the bright eyes of Emmeline Laurimer sparkled with joy. Too much delighted with the smiles of the niece to notice, or to heed, the stiffness of the aunt, Lord William expressed warmly his happiness at this *unexpected* meeting.

Lady Maddalena smiled at the word "unexpected," but to the ingenuous Emmeline, the possibility that people could say any thing but the truth, never occurred; and with the most innocent simplicity she asked where he could be going at so early an hour.

It often happens that plain questions are among the most difficult to be answered, and so Lord William Neville found it upon this occasion. To avoid a reply, therefore, he discovered that something was amiss with his horse's bit, and began very busily to set it right. Lady Maddalena had gone into the house to write a note to her housekeeper, which was to be taken back by the postillion who had driven them, and Emmeline resumed her seat in the carriage. Lord William seized this favourable opportunity for inquiring whither they were going, and when they would return. Of these particulars, however, Emmeline knew as little as himself. He expressed great astonishment at finding them engaged in a journey, which, notwithstanding he had been their daily visitor, he had never heard mentioned.

"You know," replied his artless compa-

nion, "that my aunt seldom names her plans until the moment of execution has arrived. Last night for the first time she informed me she should go from home for a short time. We frequently make little excursions, and therefore I was neither surprised nor curious about this; but if you wish to know, I will now ask her all about it—or you may——"

"I am the last person who could ask her," hastily interrupted Lord William, looking about him anxiously as he spoke.

"Why so?" demanded Emmeline, with some surprise.

"Ah, my dear Miss Laurimer——" began her noble admirer, but paused as his eye caught the stately figure of Lady Maddalena, who had approached him unperceived, and was now within hearing.

"I beg I may not interrupt a speech so pa-

thetically commenced," was her Ladyship's sole observation, as she passed on to expedite the important business of changing horses.

Lord William remained for a moment silent and confounded. Emmeline, who observed his embarrassment, without understanding its cause, good-naturedly smiled, and, by way of relieving him, observed that his horse was warm. He gave the bridle into the hostler's hand, and, leaning against the carriage door, poured forth a vehement declaration of the passion with which the beautiful Emmeline had inspired him, and offered to devote himself wholly to her if he might hope to excite a similar affection in her heart towards him. The blushing girl heard such expressions for the first time, and listened to them with a beating heart and glowing cheek; but so confused were the emotions to which they gave rise, that she was wholly unable to frame a reply. The ap-

proach of Lady Maddalena relieved her from this embarrassment. The aunt took her seat, the door was closed, the word of departure given, and, smiling through her blushes, Emmeline bowed to her devoted admirer as they drove rapidly away.

Lord William followed the carriage with his eyes as long as it was visible, and when the object of his passion had departed, and he had leisure to think of the affairs of this world, it occurred to him, notwithstanding his former hasty expression, that a breakfast, even to a man in love, is not a matter altogether unworthy of notice. A sharp gallop of ten miles had given a keenness to his appetite, which it was impossible wholly to disregard, and he entered the inn for the purpose of ruminating over the probable consequences of his late declaration, and at the same time discussing such meal as might be set before him.

The travellers had gone one stage further in perfect silence. Engrossed by their own thoughts they had not marked the distance they had passed over, until the carriage suddenly stopped.

"At Northallerton already?" observed Lady Maddalena, letting down her glass.

"Northallerton!" repeated Emmeline, "how much further have we to go, aunt?"

"I don't know exactly," was the reply, and again each of them relapsed into taciturn reflections, the subjects of which had, however, no resemblance with those which occupied the thoughts of the other.

In the youthful bosom of Emmeline Laurimer fluttered many a new-born feeling of pleasure and natural vanity, occasioned by the surprise of Lord William Neville's conversation. Joy danced in her bright eyes, and flushed her fair cheeks. She felt that she had

on a sudden ceased to be a child, and her newly acquired consequence acted like the influence of magic on a girl of sixteen, scarcely emancipated from her nursery. The first breathings of young passion diffused themselves over her mind, and conjured up a crowd of bright and sweet illusions fashioned by the plastic hand of Fancy, and led on in gay career by the radiant enchantress, Hope. To sorrow, and doubt, and that damping distrust which experience forces upon the mind, when years of grief and disappointment have taught it the bitter lesson that all is vanity, her young heart was a stranger; and it now revelled in joys which their perfect novelty made more bright and captivating.

While the expressive countenance of the niece beamed with pleasure as she dwelt on the important occurrence of the morning, that of the aunt was saddened by those mingled

hopes and fears which cloud the present and tinge the future with anxiety. Not for herself did Lady Maddalena hope or fear. Her lot in life was cast; and though still young and strikingly handsome, her mind had, from nature, education, and circumstances, become so schooled, that her sensibilities were seldom awakened by any thought of herself. Every affectionate impulse of her heart, all the powers of her well regulated and cultivated understanding were devoted to her child—as she fondly called Emmeline. As a child she considered and treated her, partly upon system, and partly from a conviction that her sentiments were more unformed and infantine than is commonly the case with girls at sixteen. The lovely orphan looked up to her aunt with reverence for her virtues, admiration of her talents, and heart-felt gratitude for the uniform kindness and protection she had received at

her hands from the earliest dawn of her recollection. She loved her tenderly, and would have loved her more, but that a feeling of awe, amounting almost to fear, mingled with the regard she bore towards her. Under the dark eye of Lady Maddalena her timid glance sank; ever fearing to offend, she often lacked the energy necessary to attempt pleasing. From the slightest imputation of blame her gentle and sensitive nature recoiled. The coldness of her aunt's manner chilled and repressed those warmer feelings that would spring from the heart of Emmeline whenever she met with some proof of Lady Maddalena's affection; and frequent were those proofs, and deeply did they sink on the mind of the orphan, claiming from her the most implicit deference, the most unqualified submission. Yet she was still a child, and likely to be long considered as one by Lady Maddalena, who was so completely

her opposite in character, that it was scarcely to be expected that they should ever comprehend one another. Whilst the one looked on every passing object in sober sadness, sighing o'er the past, fearing to sigh o'er the future, and reasoning on the present; the other, just bursting into life and happiness, painted each scene with the warm colouring of hope and joy, gilding her horizon with the bright visions, the vivid fancy, the enthusiastic feelings of early youth.

To the delighted mind all things are delightful. As the body by its own warmth creates its peculiar atmosphere, so does the mind by its own power form a surrounding cloud, through the medium of which we discern things, not, indeed, as they really are, but as it suits us to imagine them. To few people did this mental atmosphere give so little trouble as to Lady Maddalena. Calm and steady,

she was devoid of enthusiasm, and destitute of sensibility. Incredulous and reserved, it was difficult to deceive, and scarcely possible to irritate her. Her attachments were few, but strong, and hardly to be shaken. Her mind was noble, comprehensive, and liberal; neither to be warped by affection, nor seduced by flattery. To the world she appeared a beautiful statue, on whose cold, unchanging countenance neither displeasure nor tenderness could be traced. Her very smile expressed neither joy nor love, but simple approbation, and sometimes mingled compassion and contempt: the former, however, was a principle, as well as an almost habitual feeling, while the latter was merely an evanescent idea, excited by the sudden appearance of vice or folly. Unaccustomed to meet with sympathy, she had learnt early neither to require nor to value it. Solely occupied with her young charge, she never be-

trayed her solicitude by word or manner, but her actions were all marked by the fondest and tenderest discharge of the duties she had imposed on herself. She used no endearing epithets, no fond caresses, no tender admonitions; her language was simple, concise, and characteristic, alike free from false sentiment or exaggeration; her voice clear and impressive, but equally destitute of flexibility or pathos; her features—bold, regular, and in perfect drawing—were striking, but not attractive: brilliant, but not captivating.

Such was the being who, in her four and thirtieth year, was devoting herself to the formation of the character, and insuring, as far as mortal prudence can insure it, the happiness of the ardent and timid Emmeline Laurimer. In pursuit of this object, the first and important care of Lady Maddalena was directed to save her niece from dangers which were

not even dreamt of by that artless and inexperienced girl. For her sake she had quitted the lovely cottage where they had spent so many pleasant days—and had quitted it for ever! When first Emmeline made this discovery, she was filled with painful astonishment.

"And is it really possible," she exclaimed, mournfully, "that we shall see that dear home no more? Have I left every thing without even an adieu? Who will caress my favourites, water my flowers, cherish my young plants, feed my birds? But, dear aunt," she exclaimed, as a sudden thought seized her, "what if they were to cut down our beautiful trees?"

"That is very unlikely, as they insure the sale of the place," replied the philosophic Lady Maddalena.

The orphan sighed more heavily than she

had ever sighed before; but, checking feelings she feared might be condemned, she remained in silent sadness, without either the energy or the courage to inquire where they were now going. The reason of their change of abode, she would at no time have ventured to investigate; nor would Lady Maddalena, in all probability, have satisfied her inquiries, had they been made.

The real cause of Lady Maddalena's departure, was a desire to avoid Lord William Neville, whose attention to her niece had been marked by her vigilant and observant mind, before, perhaps, even he was aware of the strength of the feeling that had possessed his heart. She thought, and thought wisely, that Emmeline was too young to form an attachment of such a nature as must, probably, give a permanent colour to her whole future life. She had contemplated the character of Lord

William Neville's mind, and neither in that, nor in the habits of his past life, which had been as dissipated and irregular as those of most men who are in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, before their judgments are so matured as to enable them to use its advantages discreetly, did she find any reason to believe that he would make such a husband as she wished to see her niece married to. She knew also that, as he was the only brother of the Duke of Wellingborough, many objections would be raised by his friends against his taking a bride of no higher rank than Emmeline; and she was not convinced that he had sufficient strength and consistency of character to overcome those objections when the first heat of his pursuit should be over.

She did not, therefore, chuse that he should engage her child's affections and risk her happiness on grounds so uncertain. Emmeline

was too young to be capable of a judicious and decided opinion; and her aunt had seen too much of the world to expect any sacrifice to common sense and propriety from a passionate lover. In flight she knew there was safety, and to that expedient, therefore, she resorted. She cautiously avoided giving Lord William Neville any intimation that she was aware of his passion; and, as we have seen, she as cautiously concealed from him her design; but she determined to save her niece while it was yet time. She had been alarmed at her emotion on being told they had left home for ever, and would have assigned to the lover some share of it, had not Emmeline, the next morning, inquired, with perfect simplicity, if they were likely to see Lord William Neville, where they were going.

"Not very likely," answered Lady Mad-

dalena. "Do you wish to see him, Emmeline?"

"Yes, my dear aunt, he diverts me."

"By making love to you, child?" said Lady Maddalena, with a good-natured smile.

"Oh no, I did not mean that, indeed," replied the blushing girl, casting her meek eyes down; "but——"

"But," repeated Lady Maddalena, "how did I know he made love to you? I suppose you mean to say. Because it is his way. He is unfortunately an idle man: the business of his existence is fancying himself in love, or making others fancy it. He could not have addressed himself better than to my credulous Emmeline."

A reply to this speech was impossible; to Miss Laurimer it was nearly incomprehensible. She understood enough of it, however, sensibly to diminish the value of her con-

quest, and her esteem for her admirer, and new scenes and fresh ideas gradually obliterated an impression which might otherwise, in a mind as susceptible as her's, have become immovably fixed.

On the evening of the fourth day after they had left their former home, Lady Maddalena, letting down the glass, and pointing to a clump of fir-trees at some distance from their gloomy road, told Emmeline it was to that place they were going. As she spoke they turned into a long dark alley of straight evergreens, and, in a few minutes, reached the gate of an ancient mansion, the principal part of which was a castellated building in the Gothic style, and which also bore indications of having been enlarged by subsequent owners, who had consulted their own tastes more than the plan of the original builder, or the character of the country in which the edifice was placed. Not-

withstanding the somewhat incongruous appearance which these additions gave to the house, it was upon so large a scale as to convey an idea of heavy grandeur; but its dilapidated condition shewed plainly that it had not of late been the residence of any one who was interested in keeping it up. The weather was not calculated to dispel the gloomy sensations with which Emmeline contemplated her new abode. The heavens were overcast, the high wind blew with a degree of fury that seemed to threaten the crazy building they were entering. Emmeline shuddered. How unlike was this to the white cottage in the sunny vale! There all spoke peace, content, and cheerfulness;—here, each chamber and long reverberating passage struck dismay on the soul, and chilled the heart of the pensive and wearied traveller. Cold and cheerless she sunk to rest; but the bright sun waked her

in the morning, and brought with it gayer thoughts. She arose with alacrity to examine her new abode. She looked out;—a bare heath on one side, a trackless, uncultivated hill on the other, and a distant view of the ocean formed the prospect. Again Emmeline thought of the happy cottage and sighed; but, not naturally despondent, she checked these vain feelings of regret, and a few weeks found her gay and happy as before.

Lady Maddalena exchanged the fertile vales of Warwickshire for the bleak Cheviot hills, without one feeling connected with the scenery. Satisfied with having acted wisely in transplanting her niece, she looked forward to repairing their present abode as an occupation that would at once please her taste and employ many of the poor inhabitants of the neighbourhood who might find work difficult to procure in that part of the country.

CHAPTER II.

> "A knight ther was, and that a worthy man
> That fro the timé that he first began
> To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
> Trouthe and honour, fredom and courtesie."
>
> CHAUCER.

It was impossible for Lady Maddalena Guyden to feel in any retirement the irksomeness that assails common minds when shut out from the pleasures and occupations of society. Her resources were exhaustless, and that active spirit of benevolence which formed one of her chief characteristics, would have furnished her with employment, if she could have found no other. The improvement of her lately neglected

habitation was begun with an energy, the result of which soon displayed itself in the air of comfort and elegance, which Guyden Castle shortly assumed. The grounds, which were naturally picturesque, were quickly reclaimed from the neglect in which they had been suffered to remain. The gardens resumed their proper appearance, and Emmeline, who shared in her aunt's labours, had soon collected such various plants, and was surrounded by so many favourites, that she ceased to regret those she had left in Warwickshire. The neighbourhood, though less cultivated than that in which she had lately resided, was of a bolder and more romantic character, and offered a succession of rides and walks which delighted her by their novelty. The people of the lower class were simple, but of acute and intelligent minds; and in ministering to their comforts, and assisting them to struggle against the evils of that hard poverty,

which was their almost universal lot, Lady Maddalena and her niece found a chief and gratifying source of employment. In return they were looked upon by the objects of their bounty with enthusiastic gratitude, and the period of their coming to reside at the Castle had formed an epoch in the lives of the cottagers, from which they dated a solid increase of their comforts.

Lady Maddalena performed those excursions which were not within the compass of a walk, in a low phaeton, drawn by a pair of the small horses of the country in which her abode was situated. She had been driving her niece, attended by a single servant on horseback, to the nearest post-town, which was within six miles of their residence, and was upon her return home, when they reached the foot of a steep hill, from the summit of which the Castle was visible. It was one of the most difficult

and rugged parts of the road; the phaeton was slowly ascending, when the noise of a carriage advancing in the opposite direction, attracted the attention of the ladies; and as a sharp angle of the road prevented them from seeing what was coming, as well as from being seen, Lady Maddalena cautiously drew up at the side, to give as much room as was possible. Her precaution was highly necessary, from the narrowness of the pass; but, unfortunately, it was in vain. The turn of the road brought the approaching carriage in sight: the driver, who, reckoning upon no obstacle in that unfrequented road, and taking advantage of the declivity, had put his jaded post-horses to their utmost speed, was unable to check them in time, and in the attempt to do it, he pulled so so much on the opposite side that the carriage overturned with considerable violence; the riding-horse fell, and the postillion was thrown

into the road. As it almost always happens on such occasions, he who was most to blame sustained the least hurt, and was on his legs again and at the carriage-door before Lady Maddalena's servant, whom she had ordered to dismount and assist the travellers, could obey her orders. With that intrepidity which prompted her never to shrink from a duty because it might be disagreeable, she gave the reins to Emmeline, and approached the carriage.

The silence of the persons within caused her the liveliest alarm that some serious consequences might have ensued from the accident, and the appearance which presented itself upon the door being opened, was not calculated to dispel her fears. Two gentlemen were within, one of whom got out without much difficulty, and declared himself more frightened than hurt. His companion had received a severe contusion on the temple, which had been

cut by some of the broken glass, and was insensible from the blow, while the blood trickled copiously from the wound. Emmeline saw her aunt turn suddenly pale, while her features expressed a much more powerful emotion than she was accustomed to display, as she looked upon the bleeding traveller. In a hurried manner she applied her handkerchief to the wound; with a faultering voice, bade the postillion fetch water from a brook by the road side; and ordered her servant to ride in all haste to the town, and bring the surgeon of the place back with him to the Castle. Her cares soon restored the traveller to sensation; but he was unable to move, and complained of violent pain in his head. There was no house so near as Guyden Castle, and Lady Maddalena therefore had the cushions taken from the carriage and placed in the phaeton, so as to afford the greatest ease to the wounded man, who

was laid upon them, and Lady Maddalena seating herself beside him, supported his head while Emmeline led the horses.

The other traveller preferred remaining with the carriage, and promised, as soon as it could be got up, to follow his friend to the Castle. With the assistance of some of the labourers in the neighbourhood, this was soon effected. The damage was found to be but slight, and the carriage, being once more placed upon its wheels, was capable of being dragged slowly on by the only horse that remained, the other being too much injured to proceed. On the arrival of the surgeon, it was ascertained that the collar-bone of the wounded man was fractured, in addition to the contusion; the wound, notwithstanding its alarming appearance, being the slightest of the injuries he had sustained. Rest and perfect silence for the present were strictly enjoined, and having

seen his patient safely in bed, and having administered such medicines as he thought fit, the surgeon took his leave.

Lady Maddalena, her niece, and the other traveller, then met in the drawing-room. The stranger announced himself as Mr. Loudun, an agent of Sir Henry Daverout, the unfortunate object of their care, with whom he was on his way to the Borough of Marlington, to represent which in the ensuing parliament Sir Henry was a candidate. Mr. Loudun was a man of between fifty and sixty years of age. His manner was marked by that cautious reserve which belongs to his profession, but which in him was rather the effect of his natural disposition, than a habit which had been formed by circumstances. He seemed to have made a compact with himself never to utter a word more than the occasion on which he spoke required,

and those words in which he did express himself appeared to have been measured with the most scrupulous care. His very features had been so subdued that they could never be said to mean anything. His brow was marked with lines of deep thought; his eyes were large light-blue ones, and a habit he had contracted of half-closing them, gave a cat-like look to his face. His demeanour was so quiet and self-possessed, that without any pretensions to polish, it might be called gentleman-like. With more of energy than he evinced on any other occasion since she had seen him, he thanked Lady Maddalena for the care she had bestowed on Sir Henry.

"The common claims of humanity would have entitled any one in his circumstances to our sympathy and assistance," replied Lady Maddalena; "but in this instance your poor

companion has a still stronger right to my regard. He is one of the oldest friends I have in the world."

Mr. Loudun lifted up his eyelids until the whole of his large unexpressive eyes were displayed; but, excepting by this action, he gave no token of surprise at the information which Lady Maddalena's speech conveyed.

"Pray," she continued, "has he been long in England?"

"He arrived here exactly two months ago," replied Mr. Loudun.

"I fear that this accident may disappoint his hopes at Marlington," pursued Lady Maddalena.

"Fortunately," replied Mr. Loudun, "his personal presence, though desirable, is not indispensable at that place. The only inconvenience he will suffer, will be the pain that must attend the recovery. I rejoice, however, to find

that he is in such hands as your ladyship's; and as it is absolutely necessary that I should pursue my journey, I leave him here with less anxiety than I should otherwise feel on his account."

The surgeon's report on the following morning was as favourable as could have been expected. The fever, which it had been his chief care to prevent, had appeared in so mitigated a form, that he had little doubt of his patient's speedy recovery, and he only repeated his injunctions that Sir Henry should be kept from every kind of excitement. Mr. Loudun having heard this, expressed his intention of departing instantly; and the carriage being again set in order, he pursued his journey, leaving a concise note of explanation for Sir Henry, to be delivered to him when his medical attendant should be of opinion that it might be done without danger.

Emmeline had suffered no expression of the surprise she felt to escape her, when she had heard her aunt tell Mr. Loudun that she knew the person whom chance had thus made their guest; but, at the first opportunity which occurred, when they were alone, she did not hesitate to confess her wonder.

"I could not imagine the reason," she said, "dear aunt, of your turning so deadly pale, when you first saw this poor gentleman. You looked as if you were going to faint; and I knew you too well to believe that the mere sight of blood, disagreeable as it is, could have had any such effect upon you at such a moment."

"I am not conscious," replied Lady Maddalena, "that my colour underwent any change; but it was not surprising that, to find, in circumstances of such pain and danger, one for whom I have a strong regard, and whom I had

not seen for several years, should excite me somewhat powerfully."

"Not at all surprising," said Emmeline. "On the contrary, I wonder you were able to exert yourself as you did."

"I trust, my dear child," said Lady Maddalena, "that, in my situation, you would have done the same, and I am sure you have too much good sense, as well as right feeling, to permit any indulgence of an exaggerated sensibility to interfere with the performance of a duty, however painful."

Emmeline felt strongly disposed to ask her aunt who Sir Henry Daverout was, and what were the circumstances under which they had formerly met; but, besides the difficulty of overcoming the chilling reserve which Lady Maddalena evinced on most subjects connected with her own history, there was now an evident wish on her part to discontinue this sub-

ject of conversation; and Emmeline, wondering more than ever, felt compelled to wonder in silence.

At the end of a week, Sir Henry Daverout was enabled to leave his chamber for the drawing-room, and to enjoy there the society of the ladies, to whom he was indebted for his recovery. The thanks which the occasion required were soon paid, and, it being unadvisable that he should, at present, pursue his journey, it was settled that he should remain at Guyden Castle, at least, until the return of Mr. Loudun from Marlington.

Emmeline was very much struck by the appearance and manners of their new guest. He was about a year older than her aunt, tall and well made; handsomer than men in general, and his demeanour strongly marked by that perfect ease and gracefulness which are almost always conferred by the influence of good society upon a

cultivated mind. His abundant cheerfulness and vivacity made him one of the most agreeable companions that Emmeline had ever known; and, with that promptness of affection which is common to young, and only to young minds, she soon conceived a strong predilection for him. His conversation delighted her not less by the novelty of the subjects to which it was directed, than by the sprightliness, accompanied by a profound knowledge of mankind, which it displayed. She often wished it had been her fortune to have had such a brother, and even looked to the period of his departure with regret: but, upon comparing the sensations which his society had inspired with those she had felt on first receiving Lord William Neville's passionate declaration of attachment, she was convinced that esteem was the strongest feeling she could ever entertain towards him.

Lady Maddalena, who was in general cold and indifferent to every one but Emmeline, treated Sir Henry Daverout with an air almost approaching to deference, and Emmeline had observed her more than once gazing at him, when he was engaged in some occupation that prevented his observing her, with an earnest expression, wholly different from that which her features commonly assumed. In the mean time, his presence caused little alteration in the habits of the inmates of Guyden Castle. Emmeline's lessons were continued, as usual, in the common sitting-room, and Sir Henry Daverout, who was already looked upon by the niece, as he was treated by the aunt, in the light of an old friend, was commonly present at them.

The time which might otherwise have hung heavily on his hands was often employed in assisting Emmeline in her pursuits. His

knowledge of music was little more than superficial; but he had a fine voice, which he had taken some pains to cultivate, and he sang better than most amateurs. In drawing he was more proficient, was an ardent lover of the arts, and was delighted to find that Emmeline eagerly adopted his lessons, and listened with deep attention to his enthusiastic description of the works of art he had seen in the course of his travels, and of which, at that period, there were much fewer specimens than are to be found in England at this time.

"You must really take your niece to Italy, Lady Maddalena," said he one day when he had been talking on this, to him, exhaustless subject. "It is the only country of the modern world in which the true influence of painting has been felt, and in which its most marvellous productions are to be found."

"You know, Sir Henry," replied Lady

Maddalena, "this is an old topic of dispute between us. You could never make me partake of the passionate fondness you have for paintings. It may be that nature has been niggard to me of that faculty which enables you to rate them so highly; or it may be, that you exaggerate their value."

"You have not been in the land of painting, or you would renounce your heretical opinions on this subject, which, as you say truly, revives an old controversy between us. Come with me to that sunny land; and if I do not shew you paintings that are capable of exciting the highest and purest emotions, as powerfully as all that poets or orators ever sang or spoke, I will give up my own faith, and embrace that colder one of yours."

"You must get the Speaker's permission first," said Emmeline smiling, and glad to divert the conversation, "the member for

Marlington, as no doubt you are by this time, has more important duties to perform than those of Cicerone."

"Egad, that's true," replied the Baronet, "in my love of pictures I had almost forgotten my senatorial occupations. By the bye, I wonder that Loudun has not yet returned."

"But pray tell me, Sir Henry," said Emmeline, "and don't laugh at me for a silly girl, whatever you may think of my question—how comes it that you are so certain of being elected at Marlington? We live here wholly out of the world, and I have never yet lived in it. Such notions as I have on the subject of elections of members of parliament, have led me to believe that the candidates are chosen because the electors believe that they have such talents and worth as will enable them to advocate and protect the interests of the nation."

"And, therefore, you wonder their choice should have fallen on me!" interrupted Sir Henry.

"Not at all; but you are in so great a hurry to betray me into a blunder, if not an incivility. My wonder is, that, since you have never seen Marlington, and since you have lived out of England for several years past, the electors of that borough should be such excellent judges of true merit as to have selected, from all his majesty's subjects, you, who possess exactly the qualifications necessary to represent them."

"Very fairly, and rather hardly hit, Miss Laurimer," replied Sir Henry. "Now, but for an ill habit I have acquired, of speaking the truth, and which has led me into so many scrapes, that if I had common prudence, (as Lady Maddalena knows I have not,) I ought to have left it off many years ago—I should be

content to leave the matter as it stands, and to confess that you and the good burgesses of Marlington are among the most discerning people in the universe. But the real state of the case is this.—Upon my return to England my friends insisted that I ought to go into parliament, and I listened to them. Now there are at least two—I don't say there are only two—but there are at least two well known ways of travelling to the House of Commons. One is by joining loudly in the cry of whatever party happens to be most discontented at the particular time you select; by flattering the great and little vulgar who belong to that party; by affecting great devotion to liberty; by making speeches in taverns, and writing letters in newspapers; by invoking, upon all occasions, the names of all the heroes, who, right or wrong, have been canonized as the martyrs of freedom, chiefly be-

cause they were troublesome people, whose mischievous ambition provoked their own ruin, —from the Roman Brutus down to the last inspired shoemaker who has been put into the pillory for sedition—and, in short, by setting a very bad example to people who are too ready to follow it. This, as you may imagine, is a troublesome mode; far too troublesome for a man of my indolent habits. It is sometimes dangerous also, and that objection is, in my opinion, insurmountable; because I am very fond of my personal freedom, and have made a vow to keep out of Newgate as long as I can. The second is a much more simple and easy one. There are a certain number of noble and wealthy persons who possess so remarkable an influence over the free and independent gentlemen, upon whose voices the return of members to parliament depends, that they can always prevail upon them to vote according to

their suggestions. These influential personages, with a disinterestedness which adds lustre to their rank, are so good as to recommend any one who has no objection to throw away some trifling sum of money—varying according to the state of politics, and other accidental circumstances, from five to seven thousand pounds—to the notice of the electors, and, with such a recommendation, his return is certain. I have had the good fortune to gain the favour of Lord Merivale, to whom the voters of Marlington are devotedly attached, and as his lordship has, or is to have my money, I have no doubt of my election. Does this explanation satisfy Miss Laurimer's inquiry?"

"Most completely," replied Emmeline: "and now, will you tell me who Mr. Loudun is?"

"Mr. Loudun is a very rare specimen of

the race to which he belongs. He is an attorney; acute and clever, as almost all his brethren are, and, what some of them are not, an extremely upright man. It would be quite unbecoming a nobleman of Lord Merivale's importance to soil his exalted fingers with the money which forms a part of the transaction between us, and, as purity is the most prominent characteristic of the elective franchise of Great Britain, it would be equally improper that I should personally have anything to do with that feature of the business. My Lord's agent, Mr. Chicane, manages it, therefore, on his behalf, and Mr. Loudun represents me.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Loudun himself, who came opportunely enough to justify the proverb. He brought the intelligence of Sir Henry's unanimous election by the complying burgesses of Marlington, and one of the most important

of the new member's privileges was immediately put in requisition by Lady Maddalena, who took this opportunity of bringing up the arrears into which her distance from her acquaintance, and her recent active occupations had occasioned her correspondence to fall.

Mr. Loudun departed on the following day for Loudun. Sir Henry, although by this time quite well enough to have pursued his journey, was disposed to stay at Guyden Castle for some time longer. His hostess was well pleased that he should remain, and, without being put to the necessity of an excuse—and a very slight one would have sufficed—he continued to occupy his apartments for some weeks longer.

His residence at Guyden was however more full of peril to his liberty than his late accident had been to his life. Sir Henry had from his boyhood laboured under that facility of falling

in love to which some minds are subject. The beauty and innocence of Emmeline soon made such an impression on him, that he felt this old complaint had fixed on him with greater force than he had ever before experienced. There were many and strong reasons why Emmeline was the last person on whom he should have placed his affections, all of which shall in due time be developed; but, notwithstanding them all, he found it impossible to resist the fascinations, which her society, of which he had now the uninterrupted enjoyment, exercised over him. It will, however, be more satisfactory that the history of his passion should be given in his own words; and more proper that the narration should be related in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

"La même fermeté qui sert à resister à l'amour, sert aussi à le rendre violent et durable. Les personnes foibles qui sont toujours agitées des passions, n'en sont presque jamais veritablement remplies."—*Maximes de La Rochefoucauld.*

"Sir Henry Daverout, Bart., to George Dorset, Esq.

"Guyden Castle, Monday.

"I write not to tell you of the accident which first brought and which has so long detained me here. Loudun has already given you all the particulars of that adventure—but I write to tell you that I have again found her, and when I least expected to see her. Yes,

my friend, again have I beheld the same beauteous form enshrining the noblest and purest mind that ever dignified woman. I have again heard the well remembered tones which are associated with the earliest and tenderest incidents of my life. You, George, who have been so long acquainted with my attachment to Lady Maddalena Laurimer—you who know that even the name of Guyden failed to act as a spell on my feelings and wishes, who witnessed that the transporting reflection that Maddalena and I again were free, checked the tears I shed o'er the grave of the gentle and tender Emma; you will be at a loss to comprehend me when I say, that *now* a union with this long idolized being, would fail to insure my happiness. Oh, I have seen so perfect, so angelic, so fascinating a creature! that my bewildered and charmed senses scarce know whether to call the apparition that has dazzled me a mortal

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woman. I know you will receive this intimation with an abundance of censures, all of which are perhaps deserved, but which I am as incapable of heeding as I am of disputing them. I have been too long the creature of impulse to be able now to overcome feelings which must in future regulate, as they have hitherto regulated my destiny. To you, whose blood flows more calmly, and whose passions are under the control of sober reason, my conduct will appear inconsistent, perhaps weak, and I confess that I could hardly pardon myself if I did not see my excuse in this bright paragon. In the mean time, I tell you it is impossible for you to judge fairly of me in this instance;—you have seen nothing lovely, for you do not know Emmeline Laurimer. I would tell you how surprised Lady Maddalena was to see me in England—how much she was shocked to hear of Emma's death, and how many unusual emo-

tions ruffled the calm and dignified serenity of her fine countenance; but, in truth, I cannot talk of Lady Maddalena, and you would have no patience to hear me talk of her niece: I will therefore write no more until I have formed some plan, traced some line of conduct, which I mean shall be more rigidly pursued than my former, 'ten thousand whims that died in thinking.' Adieu, my friend; do not condemn me until you have listened to my explanation: direct to Guyden Castle until you hear further from, dear George,

"Truly your's,

"HENRY DAVEROUT."

It was not merely the grace and beauty of Emmeline that had so powerfully affected Sir Henry: in many women he had beheld and admired charms as exquisite as hers, without their displacing for a moment his long cherished

love for his early friend. Of the stores of her mind, he was ignorant; he believed her to be all that was perfect, because, innocence and candour rested on her fair brow, but it was not from her physiognomy that he concluded her worthy of the passion she had inspired. The real witchery that attracted him in Miss Laurimer, was her marked contrast to her aunt. Accustomed for years to look up to Lady Maddalena as the first of human beings and the most beautiful of women, he had, with lover-like liberality, concluded that nothing unlike her could be good. It was in his mind a settled axiom, an opinion from which there was no appeal; and had he, on his first arrival at Guyden Castle, met her alone, a few weeks, probably, would have seen them united, mutually happy, and glorying in the constancy of their affection! But fate ordered otherwise;—for we love not to assert that our own conduct

is in our own hands, else how vain and inconsistent should we appear! The enthusiastic, the tender Emmeline, by her warm, lively, and ever varying manner, placed her aunt in the most unfavourable point of view. How rigid, how freezing, did Lady Maddalena's calm placidity appear, when contrasted with the sensibility and candour that played on the countenance of the orphan. Emmeline's lowest tone, her slightest gesture conveyed more than a dozen speeches from her aunt, and yet that aunt never spoke in vain. Equally clear and impressive was her conversation; every word might have been remembered and repeated with pleasure, (although perhaps heard with more pleasure from the mouth of another,) for Lady Maddalena's sentiments were always the result of deep reflection, and were prompted by pure and exalted feeling. So many were her excellences in mind and person, in talents natural

and acquired, that no one could for an instant imagine she wanted any thing. Nor until opposed to Emmeline did it ever occur to Sir Henry that she could improve by change. For the first time in his life, he pondered on her reserve, her philosophy, and asked himself, is it possible she was always thus? Obliged to answer, yes, he next wondered how it should have escaped him. He reflected on her conduct; the undeviating path of rectitude she had ever pursued, her perfect equanimity, her dauntless sacrifice of every selfish feeling, her amazing consistency. "She has always been right," thought he, "she always will be so;" and he sighed.—Was it at her perfection?—Let us hope, for the vaunted dignity of man, that it was not. His reason approved her, his esteem for her increased, but it increased until it almost amounted to awe, and that is the freezing point of the affections. Real regard, of

whatever kind, cannot be unaccompanied by respect; but when the feeling of equality ceases, tenderness and friendship alike vanishes, and whatever feeling may be inspired by the contemplation of merit which we are conscious is wholly beyond our reach, certainly that feeling is not love.

One morning, when Emmeline was out and Lady Maddalena sate at work by the fire-side, Sir Henry gathered courage to ask if he might address Miss Laurimer with any chance of success.

Lady Maddalena's work dropped from her hands: unused as she was to experience, and still less to express, astonishment, she both felt and looked it at this unexpected demand. She gazed at him in silence for a moment, then faintly asked if he was in earnest.

Sir Henry coloured, hesitated, was embarrassed; and, while he was searching fnr words,

Lady Maddalena walked with more than usual majesty to the window.

On the opposite hill appeared the light bounding figure of Emmeline racing with infantine gaiety after the dogs who were her companions, and who seemed to enjoy the chace as much as their young mistress.

"And you love that child!" exclaimed Lady Maddalena with something of bitterness.

"That child is very lovely," replied Sir Henry, "but you, my kind friend, have only to pass your *veto* upon this business, and I think of it no more. You caused my first marriage, and are at liberty to prevent my second."

Lady Maddalena's flushed complexion denoted her struggle for tranquillity at this allusion to former times; but she neither moved nor spoke.

"Perhaps," continued Sir Henry after a pause, "I may have been too precipitate: Emmeline may not possess the amiable qualities I have imagined in her: perhaps you do not wish her to marry so young."

"My friend," said Lady Maddalena, in a serious tone, "you have surprised me, I confess; but as I become familiarised with the idea I see nothing irrational in it. Emmeline has all the perfections you can wish her; she has all her life been an object of equal care and affection to me. Daily do I pray for her happiness,—and for yours I laboured before she was born."

Lady Maddalena's voice gradually changed, as she concluded, into accents of mingled tenderness and reproach, which went to the heart of her auditor. At this moment she looked so lovely, with scarce a vestige of coldness; her beautiful eyes glistened; and Sir Henry,

transported back in imagination to the days of his early youth, caught her hand, fondly exclaiming, "my Maddalena!" but her emotion had been repressed and transient; and checking himself at the recovered calmness of her countenance, he added, "my dearest and best friend, what do I not owe you for your unceasing kindness? How dearly prized has been the remembrance of your affection! Ah, trust me, it can never lose its value."

Lady Maddalena again was surprised. Surely, thought she, this man was once my lover; and what is he now? With these passionate looks and gestures, and seeking the hand of another.

Her reverie was broken by the entrance of her niece, whose fair tresses hung wild and luxuriant, scattered by the wind over her rosy cheeks, and whose whole form, dilating with health and gaiety, powerfully contrasted with

the regular and reposing beauty of Lady Maddalena.

"Do you know, dear aunt, I have been to the very top of that highest hill!" exclaimed the lovely girl; "the heavens were so clear, the sea was so blue and transparent, and the pure air so light and exhilarating, I regretted being alone to enjoy it."

Lady Maddalena smiled; the transports inspired by air, sky, and water, were perfectly incomprehensible to her; but, truly benevolent, she rejoiced at the facility with which others were pleased. Expressions of delight, however exaggerated, or even ludicrous they might sound to her, were welcomed with joy; towards the sorrow, however, that sprang from the same source, she was not equally lenient; the first was but an innocent and pleasing folly, the latter betrayed a spirit of dissatisfaction, degrading to a rational being, criminal in a re-

ligious one. She saw not that the disposition that could create imaginary joys, must be liable to suffer from imaginary woes; and that the same keen sensibility that enabled its possessor to draw from trivial sources a greater degree of enjoyment than common minds enjoy, would visit with more intense pain those hours of sorrow and adversity, which are the lot of all mankind.

Emmeline flung her hat on the table, and carelessly ran her hand over the keys of the piano-forte. Lady Maddalena set her down to a musical lesson, and left the room, to reflect on her conversation with Sir Henry, and to give him an opportunity to speak to her niece himself. This, however, he did not do, waiting, as he said, his friend's perfect sanction. Pleased with his deference to her opinion, and fearful lest he should imagine her still retaining a warm recollection of their

former attachment, when he had ceased to remember it, she entered into the plan with considerable alacrity. Lady Maddalena was proud; she would not acknowledge to herself that she felt disappointed, as well as astonished, that, with all her wishes for Sir Henry's happiness, a sensation of unwonted bitterness would sometimes mingle with her efforts to secure that happiness. She repressed her feelings, controlled her manner, and soon her steady perseverance annihilated each unpleasant thought. Impressed with the idea that the future destiny of the two beings she most loved on earth, depended on her exertions, she did not spare them; and her praises of Sir Henry sunk deep into the mind of Emmeline, inspiring her with almost as much interest as he would have required, and even a species of veneration which he could have dispensed with. She treated him with the respect

due to her aunt's friend, and with the kindness excited by his amiable qualities, but he never occurred to her in the light of a lover; and if ever she thought of him connected with those ideas, it was with a sentiment of wonder that he did not marry her aunt, to whom he appeared so attentive, and with whom he had been brought up, for she had heard that he was a ward of Lord De Verney, Lady Maddalena's father.

At last Sir Henry prepared to depart. He had requested of Lady Maddalena not to propose him to her niece as a candidate for her hand at that moment. "If," continued he, "there is any chance for me, I will pay you another visit shortly, but Emmeline is timid—I fear to alarm her—and to lose the ground I have gained in her favour. You must intercede for me when I am absent, and I know my kind friend will do it warmly."

"What would I not do, what have I not done for him?" thought Lady Maddalena, and a rebellious sigh found its way. "You know you may rely on me," she said, with a mournful smile, and she bid him adieu.

CHAPTER IV.

"On ne devroit s'étonner que de pouvoir encore s'étonner."

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

TIME passed on, marked by nought but Lady Maddalena's eulogiums on Sir Henry, and the assenting smile of Emmeline. Lady Maddalena had much judgment, but little penetration. She thought that she had, at length, brought about a favourable crisis; and with perfect confidence in the success of her design, she informed the young lady that she had been so fortunate as to engage the affections of this su-

perior being who had been the constant theme of her praise and admiration.

"Who, I! dear aunt?" asked the trembling girl, pale and aghast—"I hope not."

This was an unforeseen stroke to Lady Maddalena. Reasonings, persuasions, all were resorted to; but all were in vain. Emmeline listened in silence to the first, and replied only with tearful monosyllables to the second.

"But, my child," pursued Lady Maddalena, with more than usual warmth, "you must marry at some time or other, and trust me, who have known Henry from his cradle, you will never meet his superior, if you were to live to the end of the generations of the earth."

"I do not doubt Sir Henry's excellent qualities," dear aunt, "but why must I marry at any time?"

"Why, the child is out of her senses.

Without friends, without protection, what will you do when I am dead?"

"You dead!" hastily interrupted Emmeline, in a wild tone of affright; and, starting from her chair, she looked as if she heard of the possibility of dying for the first time in her life. She stood for a moment the image of terror and despair; then casting herself at Lady Maddalena's feet, with a flood of tears, franticly entreated her not to die. Lady Maddalena was convinced by her passionate manner that the repugnance her niece expressed to the proposal she had made, was equally sincere and profound, and, changing the subject, she essayed to soothe her in the best way she could, nor did she for some days venture to allude to Sir Henry and his offers.

After long consideration, it appeared to her that, as Emmeline readily acknowledged all his good and pleasing qualities, she only re-

quired to be a little further interested about him, in order to overcome the strong objection she had expressed. "Emmeline is so romantic," thought she, "I will engage her sympathy by relating our story, and, not to seem particular, I will begin with myself. Lady Maddalena rejoiced in this expedient, however little it displayed her usual judgment. But it must be recollected that the wisest cannot judge of what they do not understand; Lady Maddalena did not understand Emmeline's character; and therefore that she should adopt a mode of influencing her in Sir Henry's favour, which in a mind of her cast of feeling must have a diametrically opposite tendency, was neither wonderful in itself, nor an impeachment of her understanding. A cold that confined Emmeline to her room, furnished her aunt with a convenient opportunity for putting her plan into execution, and the slightest pre-

text would serve for an opening. On the next morning she found the invalid carefully taking down Mr. Guyden's picture, which hung over the mantel-piece. To the enquiry why she was removing it, Emmeline replied, that she feared the smoke would injure it, and she was therefore changing it to another part of the room; "but, perhaps," she added, "it would be less liable to mischief if placed in your dressing room?"

"It is not a fine painting," carelessly replied Lady Maddalena, whose mind was running on other subjects.

"But is it not like him?" timidly demanded the surprised Emmeline.

"Yes," replied her aunt; "so is that print like Edmund Burke; yet its preservation is not a matter of the first moment to me."

"Edmund Burke was not your husband," retorted Emmeline, with a quickness that

shocked herself; and, blushing deeply the moment after she had uttered this observation, she cast her eyes to the ground.

"I knew him nevertheless as well as my husband; and certainly liked him better. Don't look so shocked and distressed, Emmeline; and as you are not quite well enough to employ yourself to day, I will explain this alarming assertion by giving you a sketch of my life."

Emmeline's cheeks still glowed. It was not now, however, bashfulness, but gratitude that produced the suffusion; and having warmly expressed her thanks, her aunt began the purposed narrative.

History of Lady Maddalena Laurimer.

"My father, Lord De Verney, married the most beautiful woman of her day, for no better reason than because he was, what is called in

the unmeaning jargon of the world, 'in love.' He was poor and generous, and insisted that all my mother's immense property should be settled on herself, with power to leave it to whom she pleased. The lovely heiress cared little for money, but much for power, and was therefore not sorry to retain the sovereignty, as it were, in her own hands. My father felt not the injustice he might thus be doing his children. His most remarkable characteristic was an extreme *insouciance;* this failing prevented him from supposing her capable of anything that would be partial or unjust, and he continued to the last, when he had cause to know her well, a blind attachment and ready acquiescence with all her wishes, which was much more the result of a desire to avoid the pain of personal exertion than the real affection of which it was the semblance. My mother had a large family; but, fortunately

for them, myself and two brothers alone passed the age of fourteen. Those who died were little mourned, and quickly forgotten by Lady De Verney. To please her, as he persuaded himself, my kind-hearted father dried his tears for their loss. Your father alone, my beloved Frederick, seemed capable of sorrow acute and lasting. My eldest brother, then Lord Redhurst, and now Lord De Verney, although of a tolerably good disposition, is plagued with no feelings of disagreeable strength. He takes every thing in an easy, selfish sort of way, avoiding to dwell on any painful subject, and ceasing to grieve less from ill-nature than from insensibility. He was, nevertheless, my mother's favourite. She could mould him to her will—could teach him to fawn when she was pleased, and to crouch when it was her mood to be sullen. She rewarded him for this docility by indulgences which neu-

tralized in him all that might have produced more worthy consequences, and by the most liberal allowance, while the high spirited and noble-minded Frederick was treated by her with the most marked unkindness, or by a chilling indifference, which was even more bitter and wounding to a heart such as his. It was the feeling this neglect engendered, that gave a tone and energy to that independence of character which he displayed at a very early age. While his brother wasted in dissipation or in the profligate courses which offer themselves to persons of his station, the time that ought to have been devoted to the business of his education, Frederick pursued his studies with such alacrity and success as gave promise of eminence in whatever station his future fate might place him. Full of lofty aspirations, and feeling that it would be impossible for him to follow, without interruption, any worthy pursuit in England—weary

and indignant at the hourly torments to which his mother's cruelty and his father's weakness exposed him, he gladly seized an opportunity which presented itself of going to India, and, for the first time since he ceased to be a child, he was compelled to ask the permission of her whose refusal must have been final. Although nothing could have been suggested which accorded more fully with her own wishes, because it offered her the chance of getting rid, for ever, of one whom she had always disliked, and whom she had lately began to fear, she affected at first to object; and it was not without difficulty that my poor brother obtained from her this boon. On the day he quitted us, Lady De Verney gave him a purse but scantily supplied, and formally assured him it was the last time he must expect money from her; that she wished him success, but hoped never to see him more.

To this parental blessing Frederick replied not. He dared not trust himself with the expression of the feelings that rose to his swelling and indignant heart, and he remembered he owed duties even to her who had forgotten that he was her child. He shook hands with his brother, and, affectionately embracing me, exclaimed, 'Alas! my poor sister, why cannot you go too?' He took leave of my father with tears, and his last words to him were, 'Watch over my dear Maddalena, I entreat you.' Lady De Verney heard the recommendation, and revenged herself upon me by more than her usual ill-humour and caprice.

"For my part, when I saw the carriage drive off that contained my kind brother, I felt that all I loved in the world had departed from me, and that the sincere but powerless affection of my good father would afford me no substitute for what I had lost in Frederick,

and no protection against the alternate violence and indifference of Lady De Verney. I was to be fourteen in a few months. I recollected that none of my sisters, and but two of my brothers had ever arrived at a more mature age, and I was persuaded I should die also, and that now Frederick was gone I should be unregretted and forgotten. This apprehension was so strong in my mind that it brought on a nervous fever, which would, I dare say, have killed me, if Lady De Verney, enraged at my father's uneasiness about me, had not taken singular methods for my cure. If she found my father in my room, whither he would sometimes steal, she would bestow on me every species of torment, mental and bodily, she could devise."

Here Emmeline uttered an exclamation of horror, and Lady Maddalena looked up hastily to see by what it had been occasioned. Find-

ing her niece's dismay to proceed solely from the feelings which had been excited by her story, she said—" This shocks you, my child, and there have been moments when it has excited similar emotions in my mind. Now I remember it merely as I do any other fact, the interest of which has departed along with the occurrence. In Lady De Verney's treatment of her children, I find only one, among the many proofs with which the world abounds, of the evil consequences of defective education. She had lost her own mother in early life; she had never experienced a parent's tenderness, and that, perhaps, accounts for her neglect of a parent's duties. She had been flattered and spoiled, until she arrived at womanhood, by her nurses and her governess; her worst passions had been allowed to overgrow the better qualities of her disposition; and the absolute power she had possess-

ed since she had been married to my father, and those habits of fashionable life which are so essentially selfish that, if unrestrictedly indulged, they harden the best hearts, had made her such as I describe her.—But to proceed with my story.

"Roused by the injudicious treatment I received from her to anger, resentment, and indignation, I recovered my spirits, and consequently my health. My body grew hardened to her blows, and my mind cold and senseless to her bitterest revilings. I persuaded my father not to interfere in my behalf, and my lot grew gradually more supportable. Few things contributed so much to this comparatively easy life as the arrival of Sir Henry Daverout, who was a ward of my father's, and who became our inmate about the time I reached my sixteenth year. Frank, warm, and open hearted, his manly conduct often put the more

servile Redhurst to the blush; and his uncompromising spirit even awed my mother; while the sweetness and generosity of his temper was peculiarly felt by me, who had been so long unused to kindness or sympathy of any kind. His father had entertained an unconquerable prejudice against universities, and had expressly directed that his son's education should be continued, as he had himself begun it, under the instruction of private tutors. Henry had therefore masters at home, and never left us. He had it in his power to do me many little services, and his presence and interposition often saved me from Lady De Verney's anger. He became attached to the being he protected, and I was grateful for that protection. Henry is by nature enthusiastic, he soon became warmly attached to me. I was neither romantic nor sentimental. I had read no novels, and was untainted by the affectation and

mock sensibility, which are so commonly cultivated by fashionable young ladies; but had, on the contrary, lived in the constant habit of repressing, if not of extinguishing, all my feelings. Since my brother Frederick's departure, I had languished in a state of apathy, from which Henry awoke me. No longer listless and inert, my whole being seemed changed. I was astonished, bewildered, but scarce ventured to feel delighted, so little was I accustomed to emotion of any sort, and least of all to those of a pleasurable kind. I loved Henry, however, like one who had been for years without any thing to love. We had no private conversations, or secret rendezvous. We waited until we were of age, and without explanations, we were mutually aware of each other's intentions and steadily pursued our plans.

"How often at this period did I long to see

your father. Noble-minded and generous as he was, he would quickly have discovered a congenial mind in the amiable Henry, and would have added much to his comforts in a house where none treated him as he deserved. My father indeed was interested for him, but had unfortunately expressed this interest so warmly when first he came to reside amongst us, that Lady De Verney was offended, and never after heard the name of our inmate without displeasure, which, however, she found it expedient on many occasions to conceal. Lord Redhurst neglected him, to pay court to his mother, and likewise from a secret consciousness of inferiority, which the little-souled are awed by in spite of themselves. I wish not, by what I am saying, to prepossess you against your uncle. He has many good qualities, is neither malicious nor ill tempered; and would doubtless have

been a more amiable and respectable man, but for the gross errors that were committed in his education.

My father, willing to enliven the monotonous and tedious life of his ward, proposed to him to make a tour of the continent. Henry, although of an investigating spirit, and much addicted to study, declined the proposal most unequivocally. I asked his reasons: never shall I forget the cordial smile with which he replied, 'My sweet friend, if I live, there is time enough for travelling; if I die, it is useless. Do not think so poorly of me as to imagine that I would leave any place where I thought I might afford assistance, or even pleasure to any one. However, if Maddalena wishes it, I will go.' Lady De Verney saved me the trouble of a reply. She had heard Henry's speech, and attaching to it more importance than it deserved, she rushed into the

room, her beautiful features distorted with passion, and her whole frame more resembling that of a fury than of a woman. I expected she would knock me down; but I was used to her violence and did not shrink. I cast a supplicating look on Henry, whose interference I dreaded; but I presently found it was towards him Lady De Verney's rage was directed; and heard her with grief and surprise, accuse him of being the seducer of her daughter. She placed before him the misery of marrying a beggar, 'for not one shilling,' she continued, 'shall she ever have from me, if she dares to marry from her own choice.'

"Henry, who understood the glances I had directed towards him, was only restrained from retorting her undeserved reproaches by the fear that the rage, from which he knew he was exempt, might be visited upon me. Mastering his feelings, he replied calmly to Lady De

Verney; reminded her that she possessed no authority over him, and that her anger was as vain as it was unprovoked. His coolness seemed to restore her to the self-possession she had lost in the first burst of her fury; but it did not mitigate the bitterness of her feelings towards me. Taking advantage of a pause that ensued after Henry had finished speaking, I ventured to assure her I did not think of marrying at all, and still less of disobeying her. This roused her anger afresh; she poured out a torrent of invectives in scarcely articulate accents, and concluded by saying, 'I will move you for once, girl. I will trouble that provoking composure. Henry goes tomorrow, whether Maddalena wishes it or not.' Henry did go: we corresponded on all subjects except love: I saw that could be productive of no good, and studiously avoided it. Our corre-

spondence was discovered by Lady De Verney, from whom I took no pains to hide it, although I certainly did not ask a permission I was sure of not obtaining. She peremptorily forbade my continuing to write to him; I disdained clandestine measures, and I ceased to hear from my only friend.

"Deprived of him whose presence had so long soothed me, harassed by the mode of life I was forced to lead—for I had been presented, and was dragged from one crowd to another, where, whatever I did or said, left undone or unsaid, was equally sure to attract Lady De Verney's censure—my spirits and health failed together. I grew thin and pallid; the latter defect was supplied by rouge, which Lady De Verney (who was reckoned the best layer on of artificial roses in England) herself applied. I have often smiled while looking in the glass,

to observe the glare and sternness which this colouring gave to my eyes, equally unenlightened by health or happiness. The indifferent and careless observer called it beauty, and Lady De Verney was satisfied."

CHAPTER V.

"Hard is the scholar's lot, condemn'd to sail
Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave;
Clouds blind his sight, nor blows a friendly gale
To waft him to one port—except the grave."

PENROSE.

"MY father fell into ill health, and I became desperate with wretchedness. I had never been happy; but until now I was never perfectly destitute of comfort or momentary ease. Every revolving hour was marked with increased suffering and despondency. I should have sunk shortly under such constant, unalleviated anguish, if a gleam of sunshine had not darted across my night of gloom. My beloved Fre-

derick, alarmed at the accounts of my father's health, wrote me word he would come by the first ship to see himself this indulgent parent.—He did come.

Lady Maddalena paused—her pale lip quivered, her dark eyes expressed unutterable woe, and, with almost convulsive efforts, she proceeded. "He came too late. . . . . My father was no more. His door was closed against his unfortunate son. It was a heavy blow to the affectionate and ardent Frederick. He wrote to Lady De Verney for permission to see her and me. It was denied; and, scorning to sue to one who would certainly have concluded that his poverty alone urged him to pay her any attention, after the aversion she had ever manifested for him, he took a lodging in London, with a faint hope of seeing me before he sailed. For the effecting this end chance had directed him well.

"Some time before he quitted England, Henry had required my assistance in effecting a design to which his benevolent disposition had prompted him, but which he could not execute in person. The Rev. Mr. Arberry had been selected by his father, during his lifetime, to superintend his education, and had discharged that task in such a manner that Henry felt himself under the deepest obligations to him. Second to none in ability, and vastly superior in every other quality to the common run of persons to whom the business of education is entrusted, Mr. Arberry had treated his pupil with the affectionate care of a parent, and, at the same time that he communicated to him the stores of learning which he himself possessed, he took care to cultivate the qualities of his heart, and to fill him with the amiable and honourable principles which have always distinguished him. This gentleman had died,

leaving an orphan daughter, almost wholly unprovided for, and it was on her behalf that Henry had engaged my services. It is fit, although it somewhat interrupts the course of my narrative, that I should tell you some further particulars of this gentleman, whom I knew well, and esteemed highly.

"Mr. Arberry presented one of those instances of extraordinary talent neglected, from no fault of his own, which are, unhappily, not rare in the world. Most men's fortunes depend on their own conduct, and are made or marred by the work of their own hands. It has been said by one of the most illustrious divines of our church, with the quaintness which characterised the style of the times in which he wrote, that 'the cards are not within our choice, but the manner of playing the game is;' and true as the observation may be in the main, human life displays, occasionally,

some striking exceptions from it. Mr. Arberry's evil fortune was occasioned, probably, by the unfavourable circumstances under which he was suddenly forced to play an active part in the world. His father was an eminent merchant, who had conducted most extensive speculations with remarkable success, and had, at an early period of his life, amassed a large fortune, the greater part of which was, however, still employed in the commercial undertakings from which it had been derived. He lived in that style of opulence which is common with persons of his condition, and spent the revenues of a prince, with as little ostentation, however, as became a man engaged in trade. His son had received all the advantages that could be conferred by the most judicious, and, at the same time, expensive education; and had evinced natural talents of the first order. His progress at the university had

been highly distinguished, and he was about quitting it, when one of those accidents, to which mercantile men are always subject, and from which no human prudence can be a sufficient protection, befell his father, and reduced them both to a state of utter destitution. An island, the name of which I forget, was taken by the French during the war; the elder Mr. Arberry's dealings had been principally connected with that place; it was in establishing a trade thence that he had first laid the foundations of his fortune, and had continued ever since to draw such large profits from it, that he had felt little inducement to enter into any other branches of commerce. The ruin which fell upon him in consequence of this event, was as sudden as it was complete. His stores of produce, his ships, the money he had ready to be remitted, all were gone at once. His resources were wholly cut off, and the ample

fortune which he possessed at home, was not sufficient to satisfy the engagements he had entered into, and the demands which, as soon as the news was made public, came pouring on him from all quarters. With the high and proud feeling of a British merchant, he did all that an honest man could do: he surrendered to his creditors every thing, to the uttermost farthing, that he was possessed of; but his spirits sunk under the blow, and very soon afterwards he closed, in all the bitterness of unaccustomed poverty, a life which had before been one series of prosperous adventure. His son's fate was, probably, a harder one. From the height of affluence, he was at once reduced to the necessity of providing by daily exertions, for the wants of the day, and was wholly unacquainted with the means by which those exertions should be directed. All the mortifications which attend fallen fortunes, began to

assail him. His summer friends fell off from him as soon as they learned he had nothing to bestow upon them; and the late companions of his mirthful hours looked at him with coldness, or with ill-concealed contempt, because he had no longer the means to indulge in the luxurious revelry which had been their sole bond of union: he felt, in all its stern force, the truth of the axiom, that he who wants wealth, wants, in the eye of a sordid world, every thing. The indignation which such events inspired in him, only added to the energy with which he set about extricating himself from the painful position into which he had fallen. There was but one resource open to him; and he applied himself to literature, which he had hitherto only cultivated as an enjoyment, to furnish him with the means of existence.

"When I first knew Mr. Arberry, the world

had somewhat mended with him; and although after his father's death he never again enjoyed affluence, he was far removed from want. He was then as fond as men usually are of relating the history of past difficulties, and often told to Henry and myself the tale of the vicissitudes he had undergone, and which, whatever sorrow they had occasioned to him at other periods, were at this time only a source of amusement. His first attempt in the thorny and ungrateful paths of literature was the collection of a volume of poems, the greater part of which had been written at Eton and at Oxford; some of them had obtained for him prizes, notwithstanding the exertions of formidable competitors; all of them had been highly extolled by the limited circle to whom they had been shown, and had raised his reputation among 'the mob of gentlemen who write' sufficiently high to justify him in the

belief that they would be relished by the public. Instructed by a college acquaintance, who had himself published some trifling work, he repaired to the most celebrated among the London booksellers, and presented his manuscript. His name was a sufficient introduction, and the object of his visit insured him at least a civil reception. The publisher looked over the volume, and seeing that it was poetry, began at once to assure him that he could not have bestowed his labours upon a more unprofitable subject, that it was difficult to make poems of any kind, particularly those of an author whose name was unknown to the public, sell at all; and that when they did, their success rather depended upon a certain rage which was created for them by artifices perfectly well known "in the trade," and which he did Mr. Arberry the justice to believe he

was not likely to practise. Mr. Arberry agreed in the soundness of an opinion he had no means of contradicting, and frankly confessing that he meant to cultivate letters as a profession, asked his advice as to the subjects to which he could most profitably devote his pen.

"'Why, sir,' said Mr. Thompson, 'at this time, and in the present state of the country, men's minds are engaged upon more serious topics than those you have handled. Parliament is about to meet, and a pamphlet on the Corn Laws, or the Poor Laws, would be likely to take.'

"Mr. Arberry felt that he knew nothing of either, although it was not improbable that he might soon have some practical experience of the operation of the latter, unless better fortune should attend his future efforts. Concealing as well as he could his disappointment,

he ventured to ask what might be the probable remuneration for such a production as his adviser had suggested.

"'That would depend mainly upon its success,' replied Mr. Thompson, 'but as from a gentleman of your attainments there can be no doubt that the production would be a creditable one, we would either share between us the profits, after deducting the charges of printing and advertising, &c., or I would take the risk upon myself, and buy the copy for a sum of from five to ten pounds, according to the length of the work.' Perhaps he saw something in Mr. Arberry's countenance which indicated surprise at the offer of such a price; for he added, 'there is great hazard always attending such affairs, and as I have a family to provide for, I am compelled to be cautious; but if your first attempt should succeed, we might make better terms for the future.'

"Mr. Arberry thanked him for his offer and his advice, and replacing his manuscript in his pocket, he returned home heartily chagrined at the result of his first essay. The same friend who had recommended the application consoled him for its failure, and surprised him by telling him, as the truth was, that Mr. Thompson's proposition about the pamphlet was not only kind, but even generous. He bid him not despair, but to send his poems to some of the other booksellers in London, and in short, to try them all until he found one who would undertake the volume; observing wisely enough, that since the verses were written, it would be better to have them published at any rate. As he knew Mr. Arberry's unfitness for such a negociation, he took it upon himself. After numerous rejections, each politely expressed, and accompanied by an intimation that, although the publica-

tion would not, for some ingenious and unanswerable reason, suit the particular person who made it, the merit of the poems was of a very high order; one publisher was found, who agreed to print it, and to give ten pounds for it; a sum which, by this time, the author had learnt not wholly to despise.

"These successive attempts and failures occupied necessarily some months, during which Mr. Arberry was not idle. He had, in the days of his prosperity, and when his fortune and prospects not only gave splendour to such talents as he possessed, but procured him credit for many qualities which existed only in the imaginations of his flattering friends, been one of the most distinguished among the amateur actors who formed the celebrated *corps dramatique* of the Countess of Bidborough. He had also held the important office of poet to the theatre at Summerton Castle, her ladyship's

seat, and had not only composed all the prologues, epilogues, songs, and *pièces de circonstance* which were produced at that aristocratic place of entertainment, but had written a farce, the fame of which had travelled beyond the sphere for which it was first intended. Notwithstanding the merit of the Summerton Castle *artistes*, they found themselves compelled occasionally to have recourse to the assistance of the professors of the regular drama; and, among others, one of the most celebrated comic actresses of London, who was as much superior to actresses in general for her talents, as for the admirable propriety of her demeanour in private life, was not unfrequently invited to take a part in the revels. This lady had been so struck with the merit of Mr. Arberry's production, that she begged it of him, and it had been played for her benefit, in London, where it was very favourably received.

This circumstance induced him to think that he might succeed in that description of writing, and, having sketched a light comedy, of the same kind as those which were then the favourites of the town, he renewed his acquaintance with the lady in question. With the good nature which is almost universal among people of her description, she entered heartily into his plans, gave him some hints, which were really valuable, encouraged his exertions, read his play as it proceeded, and, when it was finished, introduced him to the manager of one of the great theatres, and backed her recommendation of the author with all the influence she possessed. Mr. Arberry now thought that he had a fair prospect of putting forward his pretensions to the public encouragement; he went manfully through the tedious process which attends the production of theatrical pieces, read his play in the green-room, returned

the warm compliments which he received from the actors, altered the parts to suit the various and sometimes capricious suggestions of the reigning favourites, re-wrote the songs according to the taste of the actresses who were to sing them, although that taste was very often directly contrary to the dictates of his own judgment, and had, at length, the satisfaction of seeing, in large letters, at the bottom of the play-bills, an announcement that a new operatic comedy was in preparation, and would be produced in a few days. The care of the manager had, at the same time, duly sounded the note of preparation in the approved and customary manner, and the public expectation was kept alive by various insinuating paragraphs in the public papers, stating that the opinion of the green-room was highly in favour of the forthcoming play; that it was said to be by an author of distinction; that no ex-

pense had been spared upon its getting up, &c. &c. But, alas! the golden dreams in which he had indulged were all suddenly blighted; the theatre, like all London theatres, was deeply in debt, and, on the morning fixed for the last rehearsal of his play, Mr. Arberry, on going to the theatre, found the sheriff's officer in possession of all the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, for a debt due to the lamplighter. On the following day the manager appeared in the list of bankrupts, as a horse dealer; it being, in the theatrical phrase, "his first appearance in that character;" and, as it was impossible to overcome the embarrassments, into which the concern was thus plunged, the house abruptly closed for the season.

"At about the same period, the poems made their appearance: they were not of a character to attract the notice of the graver critics, who

were so busy with speculations upon the corn-laws and poor-laws as to prove the soundness of Mr. Thompson's suggestion. The opinions of the minor censors were divided; most of them discovered some beauties, all of them saw something to condemn, in the works of an author who, whatever merit he might possess, had not that of inviting any of them to his dinners. There was one publication, and only one, in which they were treated with great severity. This was a monthly magazine, called 'The Critical Cat-o'-Nine Tails,' which was then in great vogue, for no other reason than because it contained virulent calumnies against all that was most respectable and honourable. The editor, in discussing the merits of the poems, had not satisfied himself with turning the best passages into ridicule, a task by no means difficult to a critic who has neither manly feeling nor common honesty, and

perverting the sense by ribald jests; but he had found occasion to introduce the circumstance of the poet's misfortunes, his father's ruin, and his own blighted prospects, with a heartless malignity and utter disregard of truth, which amused the whole town, while it wounded the unfortunate author to the quick, and almost reduced him to despair. The most painful part of the affair was, that he discovered the author of this unprovoked attack to be a man who had been at Oxford with him, whose imprudence and extravagances had reduced him there to the greatest distress, and who had been saved from the disgraceful consequences which threatened him by the generosity of Mr. Arberry. It was because he had paid his debts, shielded him from ruin, furnished him with money for his future support, and enabled him to quit the university without the loss of his reputation, that this miserable

person had taken so cruel and cowardly a method of assailing virtues which he could not approach, and of cancelling obligations which he had neither the means nor the honesty to discharge. The ill treatment he had experienced was deeply mortifying to the young author, but he was more severely grieved at detecting so gross an instance of human depravity, unprovoked and gratuitous, as was displayed by this self-appointed censor.

"The pressure of actual want, however, soon diverted him from the indulgence of the feelings which these disappointments had occasioned. When the first news of his father's losses had reached him, he sold every superfluity he possessed for the purpose of paying the debts he had contracted, and which, although unimportant with reference to the income he had enjoyed, were considerable now that he was wholly without future provision.

Horses, books, (with the exception of a few which were indispensable,) ornaments, everything that was worth converting into money, he had parted with, and had the gratification of knowing that, though he was very poor, he was not in debt. What remained after this duty was discharged had sufficed to maintain him, with the exercise of a rigid economy, hitherto, but the scanty store was diminished to almost nothing. Privations were new to him, but he endured them with the stern courage which adversity excites in noble minds, and his pride would not allow a word of complaint to escape him. He provided in the mean time, however insufficiently, for his actual wants by the exercise of his pen; but, as he wrote anonymously, his gains were small, and even precarious. It had been suggested to him by some of his college acquaintance who knew the character of his mind, that the church was the profession

for which he was best qualified; and the natural seriousness and piety of his disposition, which had been strengthened by the misfortunes he had undergone, convinced him that the advice was well given. He therefore determined on taking holy orders, and having procured a curacy in London, the emoluments of which, though small, were enough for his now-limited desires, he engaged himself with alacrity in the performance of his new duties.

"It was not, however, his lot to remain even in this state of humble tranquillity. He had, while at Oxford, engaged himself for the payment of a debt which had been incurred by one of his thoughtless companions, the son of a peer, who, the difficulty of the moment being staved off, had quitted the university without further troubling himself about the matter. The creditor had waited, with the patience of a college creditor, until finding that Lord Arch-

erly neither paid him his money nor answered his letters, he handed over the bond to an attorney, who unceremoniously arrested the future peer and Mr. Arberry, and they met, for the first time since they had quitted Oxford, in the same parlour at the house of a bailiff in Chancery Lane.

"The effect of this incident upon the minds of the two young men was as different as their characters. Mr. Arberry felt it as a personal disgrace, and as the destruction even of the limited hopes he had of late begun to indulge. Lord Archerly was not only in no degree damped by the circumstance of having fallen within the grasp of the myrmidons of the law, but he was delighted that his somewhat embarrassed affairs had reached a crisis which rendered the assistance of his father indispensable. He calculated rightly enough in believing that the Marquis of Kendal, who would

not have troubled himself to save his son from the mere inconvenience of being assailed by the importunities of creditors, would be feelingly alive to the indignity to which the family honour was exposed by his being in prison. Very soon after their arrival at this place, the Marquis's man of business made his appearance, and, after much circumlocution on his part, and an abundance of fair promises on that of Lord Archerly, arrangements were entered into, which terminated in the two friends quitting their place of confinement on the day after they had entered it.

"Lord Archerly was by no means so unworthy a person as his innumerable follies had given the world reason to believe, or even as he described himself to be. He was hare-brained, and imprudent; but he was also full of generous impulses, and possessed a capacity of so superior an order, that his talents only required

to be properly directed, in order to produce results every way befitting his station and the name he bore. The short time he had now passed with Mr. Arberry, had afforded an opportunity for mutual explanation; he had learnt the particulars of his friend's reverses, and of his present prospects; and perhaps the only feeling of real pain which his imprisonment had occasioned him, was derived from the reflection that he had caused that friend a serious inconvenience. He expressed this warmly, and at the same time formed a determination to repair, as far as was possible, the injury he had done him. A few days afterwards, Mr. Arberry was surprised by a visit from him, when he told him that his friends, tired of his irregularities, and in the hope of curing them, had procured for him an appointment in one of the Indian presidencies; that it was necessary for him to have a chaplain, and

that if Mr. Arberry had no particular objection to accompany him, that post was tendered for his acceptance. This offer was made in the most flattering manner, and was put rather in the light of a favour to be conferred on Lord Archerly, than on the person to whom it was presented. Mr. Arberry did not hesitate to embrace it. England had no charms for him, and his ambition, which, although his altered fortune had quelled, it had not destroyed, whispered that in an another country he might find means to elevate himself to a station which he felt he was qualified to fill, and which in this he had no prospect of attaining. In point of emolument, the office which Lord Archerly proposed, was far superior to that which his present employment yielded. The arrangements were soon made, and the friends sailed together for India.

"Among the passengers was a lady, who,

accompanied by her daughter, was on her voyage to meet her husband, an officer in the army, from whom she had been separated for several years. She was in very delicate health, and the affectionate attentions of her daughter, together with her beauty and accomplishments, made so deep an impression on Mr. Arberry, that, before the voyage was ended, he was irrecoverably in love with the young lady. On their arrival, Mrs. Moreton found that the husband, the hope of seeing whom had induced her to make so long a journey, at a time when her health was by no means equal to the exertion, had died at about the time she had left England, and that she and her daughter were friendless and unprotected, in a distant country, where every thing was strange to them. The shock so increased her malady, that she sunk under it, and died, recommending her orphan child to the care of Mr. Arberry, who had declared his

attachment to her. He was too much enamoured to calculate coolly on the imprudence of taking a dowerless wife, with no more certain means of support than such as he then possessed; and the circumstances in which he was placed, left him indeed no alternative. They were married, and Mr. Arberry, happier than he had ever before been, continued his journey to the place of Lord Archerly's destination.

"For two years he enjoyed perfect tranquillity, and his happiness was increased by the birth of a daughter. At the end of that time, fortune, who was always his foe, again frowned upon him. Lord Archerly died suddenly. His successor appointed his own officers. Mr. Arberry returned to England, and the charges of removing himself and his family had been so great, that he came back to his native country almost as poor a man as he had left it, and having now a wife and child dependant upon

him. It was with some difficulty, that he was enabled to struggle on, and his circumstances were reduced to a very low ebb, when he met with Sir Edward Daverout, Henry's father, with whom he had formerly been acquainted. Sir Edward, who knew his worth, was delighted at securing his assistance in the education of his son: he procured him a presentation to a small living in Surrey, which, together with the stipend he insisted on his receiving, enabled him to maintain the station of a gentleman.

"After Sir Edward's death, and when Henry came to live in my father's house, he continued his instructions, his residence being so near town that he was enabled to visit him several times in each week, and to regulate the attendance of his other masters. No praise can be too high for the solicitude with which he discharged this duty, and which entitled him to the respect and affection of Henry, and of all who were interested for him.

"His daughter, who had grown up under his own eye, united all the high and amiable feelings which characterized her father, to the utmost perfection of female grace and beauty. She had frequently visited me for weeks together, and her gentleness was so remarkable as even to disarm the ferocity of Lady De Verney. Mr. Arberry suddenly died, and left this daughter not only without any natural protector, but with very scanty means of support. Henry, who was deeply interested in her welfare, but who feared to wound her delicacy by any open offer of assistance, had requested me to effect this object for him. I had accordingly discussed with Miss Arberry the plans for her future conduct, and as she painted flowers very exquisitely, it had been agreed between us that she should pursue that art as an occupation, and that she should give lessons to as many pupils as I and her other connexions might be enabled to procure for her. In the mean

time I told her that I was commissioned by an unknown friend to supply her with whatever money she might want; but that I was enjoined not to disclose the name of that friend. Her pride would have declined this assistance, but I found means to reconcile her to it. A respectable person who had been long employed by my mother as a mantua maker, received her into her house, and engaged to treat her as one of her own family, a promise which she scrupulously fulfilled. A part of the house was let to lodgers during the London season; but it was so arranged that Miss Arberry's apartments were wholly distinct from that which was so occupied, and in those apartments I often found a solace from the annoyances which beset me in my father's house."

CHAPTER VI.

"Il en est de véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits. Tout le monde en parle, mais peu de gens en ont vu."

Les Maximes de La Rochefoucauld.

"THE death of my father was an unexpected shock to Lady De Verney, and afflicted her more than could have been imagined by any one who had seen the manner of their living together. If there was any human being whom she had ever loved, I must do her the justice to believe it was her husband. She had early gained that power over him, of which she made so cruel and unjust a use; and although his weak submission to her imperious and unrea-

sonable will had lowered him in the estimation of his friends, and was fatal to the peace of his family, it had not diminished in her that affection which had first induced her to marry him. She grieved for his loss with a most sincere and poignant sorrow, and its force was increased by the reproach which her conscience forced upon her, that it was by her own obstinacy and want of judgment that his death had been hastened. On the first appearance of his illness he had sent for a physician, whose skill was acknowledged by all the world, and who was personally attached to him, although he was unsparing in expressing the censures which he thought my mother's conduct deserved. Lady De Verney, to whose ears this fact was speedily brought, insisted upon the physician's being dismissed, and substituted for him a quack, who, for some caprice or other, she had determined to patronise. The man

wholly misunderstood the nature of the complaint he had to treat, and my father was one of the many victims of his ignorance and presumption.

"The first words I clearly understood after this irreparable loss, acquainted me that my brother was in England—nay, even that he had been at the house. I thought my brain would have turned when I was told Lady De Verney had refused to see him. 'Barbarous!' I exclaimed: 'the ashes of the father are not cold, and she tramples on the heart of the son.'

"'For heaven's sake, speak not so loud, sister,' said the fearful Redhurst.

"I smiled with contempt and agony. What had I to fear who had lost every thing? Yet the sound of Lady De Verney's step inspired me with a mechanical and transient terror; so true is the heart to early associations. She entered with a sad and even gentle counte-

nance. She was pale, and in mourning. Oh, how respectable is grief! For a moment I felt compassion and even veneration for my father's widow.

"'How are you, Maddalena?' she asked, mildly. It was the first indication of interest she had ever shewn me: the tears started into my eyes; but I thought of Frederick, and dashed them away. I bowed my thanks.

"'You have lost a father,' she continued, 'but you have still a mother and a brother.'

"The accents of condolence were lost upon me; but there was an implication in her expressions which filled me with terror, and clasping my hands, I exclaimed, 'Is then Frederick no more?'

"'Lady Maddalena,' she said, and her brow assumed its wonted harshness of expression, 'you forget yourself. Is this a way to speak to me? Frederick has been long an alien to

my affections, and I mean that he should remain so to my family.'

"This inhuman speech restored me to tranquillity. Implacable resentment had usurped the place of sorrow on the countenance of Lady De Verney, and to me she had ceased to be an object of interest.

"'I shall be with lawyers this evening,' pursued she, after a pause: 'you will make Redhurst miserable if you stay with him. I will send you to Miss Arberry's.'

"I would have given worlds to have been alone; but unused to resistance, I suffered myself to be put into the carriage. Louisa, who knew the livery, flew to the door to receive me. My late illness had left me in a state of such debility that the excitement of my conversation with Lady De Verney had been too much for my strength; I could hardly sustain myself until the carriage stopped; and as soon as I

entered the house I fainted. I was carried to the nearest room. Every one assembled to assist or to see me, and when I opened my eyes, the first object on which they fell was my long-lost beloved brother! I will not attempt to describe the happiness of that meeting. We wept together over the loss we had sustained. I eagerly inquired of Frederick what had happened to him since his departure, and learnt that he had been more fortunate than he could have expected in India, and that he had quitted it at great inconvenience, and even with some danger to his prospects, in order once more to embrace his father. His stay in England was limited to a few months, but in those few months we promised ourselves as much happiness as could be derived from each other's society at those moments when I should be able to escape from the vigilant jealousy of Lady De Verney. In the mean time it was neces-

sary to keep her in ignorance of the place of Frederick's residence, in order to avoid that interference with our meetings which would be the certain result of her becoming acquainted with it. We had not half finished our explanations when the carriage returned for me.

"Perfectly dependant and helpless as I was, I could form no plans, make no arrangements, which I was certain of being able to fulfil. I trusted, therefore, mainly to accident; saw my brother very frequently at Miss Arberry's apartments; and, when I could not see him, wrote to him, directing the cover to Louisa, which effectually prevented Lady de Verney's suspicions from being excited.

"In all our arrangements Miss Arberry was necessarily a party. I did not know the extent of the mischief I was the cause of, until I perceived that, in her presence, Frederick forgot even the existence of a sister, who lived

but for him. I was alarmed at the idea of an attachment fraught with so much misery to both parties; for Frederick's hopes of fortune, however promising, were at least precarious; but I had no suspicion that their love was so firmly rooted as it proved to be. I, however, did not hesitate to shew by my manner, for I had no opportunity of speaking to either on the subject, that I was dissatisfied at what was passing between them. Louisa was timid; she always feared me. She believed my evident disapprobation of Frederick's love proceeded from pride; and, when at length she yielded to his passionate entreaties, and consented to a private marriage, she stipulated that the fatal step should be concealed from me."

"And was Miss Arberry my mother?" asked the anxious Emmeline; her voice was almost extinct with emotion. Her aunt read the question on her ingenuous countenance, and

replied by a mournful smile, and a heavy sigh. Miss Laurimer arose, she took Lady Maddalena's hands, and kissed them in silence; then flinging herself on the bed, she drew the curtains around her, and rested her head on her arms.

Her aunt saw she wished to reflect at leisure on what she had heard of her mother, and quietly left the room.

On the following morning Emmeline begged she would continue her story—"and do, pray, dear aunt," she timidly, but anxiously added, "tell me more of my mother."

"It had been my intention," replied Lady Maddalena, thoughtfully, "to pass lightly over the part of my life connected with the hapless Louisa. I am not satisfied with my own conduct on the occasion. I was mistaken, but I acted for the best."

"No doubt you did," said the gentle girl,

turning pale with apprehension; "but if a recurrence to those times distresses you, I will wave my wish to know more of her who gave me birth."

"No, my Emmeline, your anxiety is natural and becoming, and shall be gratified, as far as it depends upon me. I have already told you my brother's marriage was concealed even from me. Several months had now elapsed since he left India, and, if he delayed his return beyond another, he would lose the appointment on which alone he depended for bread. I went to Louisa's to take leave of my dear Frederick, but she declined being present at the parting, on the plea of indisposition. I thought she dreaded to give way to emotion more violent even than my own, and thereby betray the secret of an affection I but too well guessed, but wished not to encourage. My

brother sailed, writing me from the place of his embarkation an incoherent letter, full of pathetic recommendations of the 'desolate Louisa.' Ignorant of the true state of things, Miss Arberry did not appear to me more desolate than before the arrival of Frederick. The romantic and passionate bursts of feeling in this letter gave me excessive pain. I felt that a stranger was preferred to me:—the expressions of enthusiastic tenderness applied to your mother weighed heavily on my heart. It was some weeks before I could reason myself out of this jealousy sufficiently to call upon Miss Arberry.

"'She is at home, but not well,' said the master of the house, who opened the door to me. I inquired the particulars of her illness; but he knew nothing. As he softly ushered me up stairs he whispered, 'To my

fancy, my lady, she will die. She has scarcely eaten a mouthful or spoken six words since Mr. Laurimer left us.'

"I was much shocked, and approached her room with a cautious step. She was stretched on a couch in an uneasy slumber. Her arms flung over one side—her face was nearly covered with her long flaxen tresses—her attitude denoted pain. I sat down by her and felt her pulse. I gently threw back her hair; her countenance was wan, and wore the expression of suffering. I stooped to kiss her fair brow. As I bent over her I saw something glitter on her breast. I drew it out, and beheld, with surprise, Frederick's picture. Louisa awoke at the motion I made.

"'It is my dream,' she repeated slowly, but in a tone of horror. 'Lady Maddalena would deprive me even of his picture; but never will I part with it,' she exclaimed, rais-

ing her voice to a fearful height, and, by a sudden dart, snatching it from me.

"'I would not deprive you of it, my dear friend,' said I, soothingly.

"'Would you not?' she answered, feebly; and, putting her hand to her head, she sighed heavily, shed a few tears, and, on my speaking to her again, she arose.

"A single glance at her figure, as she stood, struck me with horror, for its symmetry was utterly destroyed. I remained, for a moment, mute with astonishment. I then questioned her about her illness. She evaded my inquiries. At last I said, 'Louisa, I am sorry for you. I grieve to think you should suffer in mind as well as in body, as you now must. I shall never forgive myself for being the cause, however innocently, of your additional sorrows. Tell me in what way I can repair the evil I have done.'

"'The evil that is done who can repair?' said she, mournfully. 'Can you give me back the time that is past, or recall the days of tranquil suffering, when I was strong in the rectitude of my own heart. The bitterness of remembrance who will efface? I cannot subdue—it will subdue me.'

"I sought to comfort her, but without effect, and I left her, persuaded by her words and manner, that she had forfeited all claim to approbation, although she had the greatest to compassion." Lady Maddalena stopped suddenly; for Emmeline, whose tears had been falling fast for some time, now sunk back in her chair, overcome by her emotions.

CHAPTER VII.

——— "I never heard
Of any true affection but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
Love, bred on earth, is often nurs'd in hell—
By rote it reads woe ere it learn to spell."

MIDDLETON.

LADY MADDALENA did not attempt to check the natural burst of sorrow which agitated Emmeline's bosom; but, when her grief had had its way, and she had regained her composure, she begged her aunt to proceed with a tale which had assumed so painful an interest to her. Lady Maddalena then went on.

"Lady De Verney went into the country at this time, giving up the house in town entirely to my brother Redhurst, now, unfortunately, become Earl De Verney. I was consequently separated from Louisa. I sent for her landlady, requesting she would give me accounts of her health, and agreeing to allow her a certain increased stipend to recompense her for any additional trouble she might be put to in consequence of Miss Arberry's illness."

Emmeline kissed her aunt's hand.

"Alas! my child," pursued the latter, "you will rather reproach me with coldness when you hear all. I contented myself with the landlady's accounts, and did not write to Louisa myself. In truth, I was at a loss how to address her. In the belief that she had strayed from the path of virtue, what could I say that would not sound as a reproach, if not

an insult? Besides, although I would, on no account, have suffered indigence to overtake a person I once had regarded, who had been recommended to me by Henry, loved by my Frederick, and whose deviation from rectitude I felt myself accessary to, in some measure, from having inconsiderately placed her in a dangerous situation, I confess I was not anxious to keep up an affectionate intercourse with one who had sunk in my esteem. I heard she had removed into the country for change of air; but at this time I was engrossed by cares and sorrows of my own, and heeded it little. You are eager to know all that relates to your mother, I will therefore come back to my own history afterwards.—I had been some weeks the wife of Mr. Guyden, when the post brought me this letter from her."—Lady Maddalena presented it to her niece; but, although, she gazed earnestly on the characters, Emmeline was too

much agitated to be able to peruse it, and Lady Maddalena, in a low voice, read it to her.

" From the Hon. Mrs. Laurimer, to the Lady Maddalena Guyden.

" On the eve of quitting for ever this world of woe, I address you with confidence, my kindest and most revered friend! On the brink of eternity, earthly feelings die away. Even my rooted fear of you, as well as my passionate fondness for Frederick, fade into the distance, and no earthly feeling possesses me, but that powerful maternal love which impels me to make this appeal to your affection. I am told you are married. God grant your union may be more fortunate than mine!—Yes, Lady Maddalena, I am Frederick's wife! how else could you suppose?—but I forgive you——I allowed you to remain in error, because I thought it would be less painful to you to be-

lieve that I had been both weak and guilty, than to know your brother was so married. And was I not weak to marry him?—Was it not guilt?—Was it not criminally selfish?—What misery have I not occasioned him! What sorrows may await my helpless infant! Oh! my generous friend, to you I bequeath this dear innocent. My soul reposes in repose and confidence on your benevolence. You will not cast from you the child of Frederick, and of one whom once you loved, and who has purchased with her life the fatal honour of signing herself,

Your affectionate Sister,

"LOUISA LAURIMER."

After a long pause, Lady Maddalena, making an effort to recover her voice, proceeded rapidly:—"My first impulse was to fly to my wretched sister, and make her every atonement in my

power for my injurious suspicions. I travelled night and day; my own sorrows were lost in the remembrance of Frederick's and Louisa's. I thought of all my poor brother must have suffered at being obliged to abandon his wife in her precarious state of health. I wondered now at nothing but my own want of penetration, which I attributed solely to my pride revolting at the idea of a clandestine marriage. Bitterly did I reproach myself, and I determined to atone for my fault, by bringing Louisa home with me, and treating her, in every respect, as my sister. As I drew near her abode, I read over her letter, and shuddered at the resigned, but hopeless tone that ran through it. Impatiently, I urged on the postillion; he stopped within a few yards of the house; I let down the glass to see what delayed us.—It was Louisa's funeral!—

"I was a great while recovering this shock.

For years after, I never stepped into a carriage without a sensation of terror and anxiety.—I took you home immediately, and, in spite of Lady De Verney's indignation at my conduct, never would consent to part with you. I was so unfortunate as not to find any hint of Frederick's abode among the numerous papers Mrs. Laurimer had directed to me. I had written to him twice since he had left us. Whether he did not receive my letters, or was offended at my not naming Louisa in either of them, I do not know, but I had no answers. You may imagine, I would not so easily have given up all intercourse with a brother so dear to me, had I not soon learnt he had left the Madras station, and had gone up the country, where my letters would not reach him. I saw several people who were going to India, entreated them all to make particular inquiries about him, and to deliver my letters. They were invariably

returned to me with the account that he had long been lost sight of, and that no one knew whither he had gone, or why, or whether he was still alive or not. About two years ago, there was, in the papers, a list of English people dead in India, and among them appeared the name of "Frederick Latimer." I made many and anxious researches after some relations of this Latimer, but none were to be found; and, from the age specified and many concomitant circumstances, I was induced, however reluctantly, to admit the belief that the name was misspelt, and that I had lost a brother. It is barely possible that he may exist, but I have long given up all hope of it."

Lady Maddalena sighed heavily and appeared lost in mournful reverie. Rising, at last, she said, in a despondent tone, "I have not courage at present, my Emmeline, to talk more on this subject, another time I will tell you of myself."

In the evening she resumed her narrative.

"About the time that Frederick went back to India, Mr. Guyden proposed to me. I had long seen his intention, and done all in my power to discourage it; but Lady De Verney was so peculiarly gracious to him that her favourable reception of him more than compensated for my coldness. I told him candidly I could not love, and therefore would not marry him; but that I should feel eternally gratified if he would not name the business to Lady De Verney, who I saw patronised him, and who would not fail to seize so good an excuse for tormenting me; although Heaven knows she was little apt to wait for an excuse on such occasions. Mr. Guyden promised that he would neither do anything that could possibly distress me, but that he should only look upon himself as finally dismissed when I accepted another. I heard him with the most perfect tranquillity;

for I at that time thought it as likely that I should turn catholic, and take the vows in a convent, as that I could ever become his wife. Wretched as was my home, I was too firmly devoted to Henry to think of marriage at all; and if I had been free to choose, Mr. Guyden would certainly not have been the object of my choice. The barbarous conduct of Lady De Verney, which grew yet worse after my poor father's death, had rendered me nearly callous to suffering. Despondent, and therefore fearless; indifferent, and consequently absent, I ceased to feel her insults, and, not unfrequently, even to hear them. Of all our visitors, he whom I saw with the greatest pleasure was George Dorset, an old friend of Henry's. From him I sometimes heard of my juvenile companion, and his conversations reminded me that I was not dead to every thing. Well aware that a union with Henry was next to impossible, I

endeavoured to keep my affections within the bounds of sisterly regard. Mr. Dorset was deceived by my assumed tranquillity, and gave me a task to perform, of the severity of which he had no notion."

"I beg pardon, dear aunt, for interrupting you," said Emmeline, "but where was the impossibility of your union with Sir Henry?"

"I had many reasons, my Emmeline," replied Lady Maddalena, with a half-suppressed sigh, "for determining against it. I was entirely dependent on Lady De Verney; in other words, I was pennyless. Henry's liberal and munificent spirit was contracted already by the scantiness of his income; and was I to burthen him with a portionless wife? Impossible! Besides, if it be true that love sometimes contrives to gild poverty with the rainbow days of felicity and eternal sunshine, and if I could have persuaded myself that such a miracle was

to be wrought in my favour, still I had a parent who, unnatural as she was, I was bound to obey."

"Surely," said Emmeline, with a tone of some indignation, "she had broken asunder every tie with which duty might have bound you."

"Do I hear aright?" said Lady Maddalena, gravely: "Emmeline an advocate for disobedience! The links of affection, of esteem, may, indeed, be burst upon such provocation, but duty, my child, what mortal shall say—'so far shalt thou go, and no farther?' To return, however; I was by no means sure of Henry's love continuing in full force. Mr. Dorset told me how disturbed he had been at my ceasing to write to him, and used many arguments to induce me at least to receive his letters; but I had promised Lady De Verney to hold no direct communication with him, and

my promise was sacred. Mr. Dorset, I imagine, supposed me acting from caprice or natural coldness, not upon principle. I can no otherwise account for his singular conduct. One day that Lady De Verney was out, and I had been denied to every one, this gentleman, who was intimate in the family, called with some frivolous message from my eldest brother, which he used as a pretext to gain admittance to me.

"'Lady Maddalena,' he said, 'I scarcely know how to explain to you the object of my visit this morning, and yet I must do it quickly, lest your mother should return.'

"He stopped, and I was too much astonished at his air and manner to desire him to proceed.

"He pulled out a parcel of letters from his pocket, and laying them on the table, 'these,' he said, 'your ladyship will kindly peruse at your leisure.'

"'I blush at thus exposing a sister's weakness,' he added impressively, 'but it is in the hope of making her happy, and my friend Henry no less so, that I am induced to take a step which, under other circumstances, I should find it difficult to justify.'

"I turned sick at thus hearing Henry's name, coupled with that of a lovely young woman, although I did not then understand the full weight of my misfortune. To my trembling enquiries, Dorset replied that his sister was attached to Henry, and, relying on my generosity, he looked forward to the hope of their union. I had scarcely strength to ask if Henry loved her too.

"'Not exactly,' was the reply, 'but still'—

"Has he written to you on the subject? I eagerly interrupted.

"'Not to me,' said Mr. Dorset, 'but to my mother, and here is a copy of the letter.' He

then arose and left me, stunned by his confused intelligence.

"I ought previously to explain to you, that Mrs. Dorset had taken a young daughter to Montpellier, for the benefit of the climate, she being in the last stage of a consumption. She died there, poor thing, and the gentle Emma was so much afflicted at the loss of a sister she so dearly loved, and her own health was so much impaired by nursing her through a long and fatiguing illness, that Mrs. Dorset trembled for her also, and determined not to return to England, until the health of her surviving daughter should be re-established. They quitted Montpellier, which was to them the abode of sorrow, and settled, after some wanderings, at Vevay, on the bank of the beautiful lake of Geneva. Thither Henry went in the course of his travels.

"I had forgotten to tell you that Lady De

Verney had declared he should never enter her doors if he returned to England. Well, he took up his abode, for a time, at the house of his friend's mother, and Emma was not long in doing justice to his merit. Her letters to her brother marked her innocent and ingenuous character; they would probably appear still more romantic in my eyes at present than they did then. They interested me deeply. I read them by night, and thought of them by day, and many a tear did I give to my rival's woes. By turns tender, desponding, heart-broken—or sanguine, impassioned, and in raptures—she was at all times bashful and meek. Hers was a pure and ardent spirit, fettered to earth by feminine timidity and enervating sensibility. But Henry's was the letter that decided my fate. On leaving Mrs. Dorset's he found it necessary to answer a hint she had given of

a wish to see him her son-in-law. Here it is."

Emmeline read rapidly to herself.

"Sir H. Daverout, Bart. to Mrs. Dorset.

"With a heart deeply impressed by a sense of gratitude for your kindness and hospitality, I leave you, my dear madam, to pursue my comfortless and devious way, certain of nowhere meeting with such society as I am doomed to quit. I feel that I owe it to you and to your family, not to suffer my presence any longer to interfere with your tranquillity, or to trouble a happiness I cannot share. It was impossible for me to misunderstand your kind meaning, and it was equally so, to avail myself of it. Alas! happiness flies me.—I am not actually engaged . . . I certainly never shall be united to the object of my youthful

choice; but while she remains disengaged, even the blooming and fascinating Emma may not tempt me. I have said enough on this painful subject. If I have disappointed you, I shall be even more grieved than flattered, much as it elates me, to think you did not deem me unworthy to be your son, which, in every thing but name, I shall ever be most affectionately,

"And respectfully,

"H. D."

"Well," exclaimed Miss Laurimer impatiently, "and what is this but a delicate and tender refusal of Emma Dorset?"

"I have since found," languidly answered Lady Maddalena, "that such indeed it was; but at that time I was unable to judge calmly. My jealousy painted those expressions—'Happiness flies me'—with the dark colouring of infidelity. Emma, he says, may not

tempt him, because I still was free. This line said to my tortured heart, 'Honour binds me to one whose hand I shall never possess—to honour I sacrifice love and happiness, myself, and *the blooming and fascinating Emma.*' Taking it in this light, you will not wonder that I determined to be the only victim. I knew no writing would answer my purpose. I had always conjured Henry to seek a more lively bride. He was well aware that during Lady De Verney's life nothing would induce me to marry him; and that if I survived her, our union was by no means certain. To repeat my former arguments would have availed me little. My actions alone could speak forcibly, and—I married Mr. Guyden.

"On the day of my marriage an apprehension crossed my mind that Henry, after all, might not marry Miss Dorset. From the moment I had accepted Mr. Guyden, I had

taken a warm interest in the fate of this poor girl. As we love the being whose life we have preserved, so did my heart yearn towards her for whose happiness I had sacrificed myself. I sent all the letters to Henry: on the cover I wrote, 'May these interesting letters have the same effect on you they had on me! hasten, I conjure you, to introduce the fascinating Emma to one who has wept for her, and will love her. Your true friend, Maddalena.' Fearing this might fail to make him fully comprehend my meaning, I enclosed a copy of his own letter, marking the strongest expressions in it, and writing at the bottom, 'Happiness no longer flies you. The object of your youthful choice, (it was a very youthful one, my friend,) is no longer disengaged! I hope—I expect to see you follow my example, if you would not break Emma's heart, and

render eternally miserable your sister, Maddalena.'

"Henry did marry; but Dorset confessed to me he was influenced by compassion and anxiety to fulfil my wishes. He owned that if he could have conceived the strength of his friend's attachment to me, he would never have made trial of my generosity. I will not say what effect this intelligence might have produced upon me, but that I had been schooled long in affliction, and had learnt too early and practised too unremittingly the hard lesson of controlling my own feelings, to give way now to unavailing regrets."

CHAPTER VIII.

—— "In the married state, the world must own,
Divided happiness was never known."

CIBBER.

"As the wife of Mr. Guyden I had duties to perform and occupations to engage me, in which I eagerly sought to forget the disappointment which, in spite of all my efforts, would too frequently obtrude itself upon my mind. Felicity, in my ill-assorted union, I had never expected; but tranquillity was within my reach. I did not, however, neglect my husband's happiness, and did all in my power to make his home as agreeable to him

as he had fancied it would become upon his marriage. All my attempts failed; not, as I believe, from any fault of mine, although I confess I could never overcome the coldness I felt towards him personally, but because we were wholly dissimilar in tastes, habits, and dispositions. In short, we were not formed for each other.

"The violence of Mr. Guyden's passion evaporated quickly; still he loved me, and, if he could have succeeded in inspiring me with a similar affection, or even if I had been able to feign a love for him which I did not feel, he might have continued to do so. He was all life and spirit—I was dulness and apathy itself. He was vain, giddy, and frivolous; I was proud and serious. I was obedient and grateful; but could not be affectionate. His fondness disgusted me, and I rejoiced in its visible decrease. 'Maddalena,'

he would sometimes say, when I endeavoured to smile at his wit and gaiety, 'you should have a master to teach you laughing; for your muscles have from infancy been so unused to the convulsion, that all your labour cannot elate them.'

"Gradually we became more and more estranged from each other. We had no children —linked by no ties of sympathy or affection, we lost sight of one another. The last few years of his life we never met. Shocked at the accounts I daily heard of his extravagance and dissipation, and willing to give myself solely up to your education, I quitted London entirely, and retired to the cottage we have so lately left. Mr. Guyden ruined his health very shortly afterwards. When I heard he was ill, I set out for London, where he was, and found him dying, but sensible, for he knew me, and attempted to speak. He was,

however, unable to make the exertion, and expired next day. He left me his whole property, without any restriction, for my life, merely entreating me, if I remembered any one to whom he would have wished well, to provide for them accordingly. This testimony of esteem was very gratifying to me, and I failed not to justify it.

"I attended Lady De Verney in her last illness, which was brought on by vexation given her by those she had doated on. My eldest brother married a woman of his mother's choosing. Lady De Verney was aware of the violent temper of her daughter-in-law; but, unused to opposition, she dreamt not of it, and believed, that, as all the property was in her power, and the earldom excessively poor, she should always retain sovereign sway over her darling son and his wife. My poor brother had been led by his mother, and was

ruled by his wife, and, what was more singular, the young Lady De Verney succeeded in breaking the haughty spirit of her mother-in-law. Her violence she opposed with tenfold passion. Her orders she suffered no one to execute; her opinions she scoffed at; her threats she despised. Reason, propriety, decorum, all were borne down by the resistless torrent of her words. Once that she was frantic with rage, I saw my terrified and subdued mother kneel to her to entreat she would not curse her! I never felt so much indignation. I raised my mother, and spoke to my sister-in-law in a manner she will not forget. She has feared me ever since. Thus are the violent invariably overcome by firmness.

"My mother wondered at my courage, still more at my emotion. She asked me why I had never opposed her; I replied, simply, it would not have been my duty.

"She seemed astonished, and exclaimed, 'you act then from principle! How you must despise me!'

"She did not speak to me for some time after this; and, indeed, I saw her but seldom, for I was glad to live in peace at home, until she was attacked by her last illness. I then attended her on her bed of sickness, and, although it would be an unworthy affectation to say that, even then, I felt for her that love which children commonly feel for their parents, it is true that I almost forgot all the reasons I had to regret that she had exercised so strong and fatal an influence over my destiny. Before she quitted the world, there was an utter extinction of all the angry feelings she had ever entertained towards me, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that she, upon this occasion at least, did justice to the motives which induced me to make her last hours as

tranquil as I could, and to soothe the pain and terror which attended her departure from this world.

"To my utter astonishment I found, after her death, that she had left me all her fortune; and, excepting that provision I allotted you, and to which, as Frederick's daughter, and as her grandchild, you had an indisputable claim, I settled it all on Lord De Verney and his children. He at first objected to receiving it, but his wife brought him to reason, as she called it, and willingly accepted the bounty of a person she both feared and hated.

"To return to Henry; my efforts, however well intended, failed to accomplish the happiness I had endeavoured to secure for him and his Emma. She was one of the most sensitive of human beings. She had permitted a passion for Henry to gain such power over her pure heart, that his departure at the time I

have before alluded to, reduced her to despair. Although no persuasions could induce her to avow the cause of her melancholy, the anxious eye of her mother could not be deceived. She saw her child sinking under the effect of a hopeless passion, and she it was who had urged her son to the communication which he had made to me.

"Emma had so completely persuaded herself of Henry's indifference, which his absence confirmed, that she had gradually given herself up to listless despondency. The malady of her mind communicated itself to her delicate frame. The family complaint attacked her, but it seemed to yield to the joy of Henry's declaration of attachment to her, and to be almost wholly removed on her becoming his wife; and, after that event, her anxious mother wrote to George Dorset the most flattering accounts of the improved state of her health. Still, it was so far

from strong, that Henry could not venture to bring her to England. For some years he bore this fragile flower from one mild air to another, without any sensible alteration. She was cheerful and happy, and they promised themselves shortly to spend a summer in Devonshire, where I meant to join them. Mrs. Dorset came over to England in this hope, and talked with delight of Henry's tenderness to his wife, and affection for their lovely boy. I longed ardently to be a witness of happiness I had created; but, alas! this pleasure was denied me.

"Henry wrote, soon afterwards, that his wife's spirits had sunk to the lowest ebb, and he feared to remove her from Italy, where they then were. Mrs. Dorset did not wait for further intelligence, but set out instantly to join them. Her son accompanied her. He it was who told me the cause of Lady Daverout's sudden de-

pression. She had one day found my picture in a drawer of Henry's writing desk, together with a copy of verses, written on his first leaving England, and breathing all the tenderness of his passion for me. She replaced them without comment, but it was a shock she could not overcome. She attributed all his attention and kindness to her to compassion, excited by her unstable health, and to gratitude for her ardent affection. Miserable at the idea that it was she who kept him from his own country, she endeavoured to persuade him she was quite equal for the journey, and exerted herself beyond her strength, to induce him to believe her. Her symptoms, however, returned with increased force, and the loss of their little boy accelerated her death. It was then that Dorset discovered what had so long oppressed her. On one occasion, after many vain attempts to raise her overpowered spi-

rits, Henry added, 'you are very cruel, Emma. You will break my heart and your poor mother's!'

"'Ah, my poor mother!' echoed the dejected invalid.

"'And do you think,' asked her husband, 'your mother loves you better than I do?'

"The dying Emma burst into tears, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, 'Oh, Henry, she loves no one else! I had once a stronger tie upon you than even your early love—but it is broken!' She fainted, and was carried to her bed, from whence she never after rose."

"Oh, how she must have suffered!" cried Emmeline; "what misery can have been greater than hers, when bodily agony was aggravated by the consuming and incurable pains of the heart's anguish? Poor Emma, from my

soul I pity her!" and her voice was lost in sobs.

"I, too, pity her," replied the calmer Lady Maddalena, "although a little strength of mind would have saved her many pangs. But it is Henry who most demands our sympathy. Always acting with kindness, and ever prompted by feelings of pure honour, he has always suffered. It will not ever be so, I trust. Until now his sole study has been the happiness of others. He ought surely to be rewarded."

Emmeline feared to make another observation; but inwardly she mourned the untimely fate of the gentle Emma. To her sensitive and ardent spirit the pangs of unrequited love appeared the most hard to be endured. She wept in secret over the wounded feelings of the wife, the distracted ones of the mother. There was, besides, something repugnant and

unnatural to her mind in Sir Henry's being now in love. Miss Laurimer with an uncommon share of plain good sense, had nevertheless that degree of romance which belongs to all unsophisticated characters who know nothing of the world, and possess lively imaginations and keen sensibility. She could not therefore comprehend the possibility of Sir Henry being willing to marry any one but Lady Maddalena Guyden; nor was it perfectly consistent with her notions of delicacy that he should have been disposed to contemplate any matrimonial connexion whatever until his year of mourning for his late wife had expired. Either, thought Emmeline, this paragon has no steadiness of character, no real feelings, or I have formed erroneous notions of my fellow-creatures. Men are our superiors in strength of mind and body, so far is evident. I had given them, moreover, credit for every other species

of superiority, and I must have been mistaken. I have revered and admired them, but I now perceive, if they are all as inconstant as Sir Henry Daverout, I shall never contrive to have common patience with them.

While Miss Laurimer was making these sapient reflections, her aunt was most mistakenly flattering herself that her plan had succeeded; and, wishing to give the young lady time to consider her last remarks, as well as not liking to betray her own anxiety on the subject, she purposely avoided mentioning Sir Henry for several days, although she satisfied Emmeline's curiosity on every other detail of her history which the course of her narrative had induced her to pass over. At last, a letter from the impatient lover decided her to renew the subject. She gave it to her niece, and found with astonishment, and even some feeling of anger, that she persisted in her re-

fusal. Sir Henry was sent for to plead his own cause. "She must have a very hard heart," thought Lady Maddalena, "if she can resist him."

She had not a hard heart, but she nevertheless found it very easy to resist him, for she did not love him. To his most passionate declarations she would reply, "I am sorry to see you so much in earnest, because it is in vain. My mind is made up. I don't like the idea of marrying at all; and now, while I am a mere child, it is wholly out of the question." He assured her he would wait until she was reconciled to matrimony, and until she thought herself a woman.

"Oh! by no means," she would say, "pray make another choice immediately, you will find twenty girls with blue eyes and without any other recommendation, since that appears to be your taste."

"Not twenty girls such as you," he retorted.

"No, certainly not twenty who could refuse Sir Henry Daverout," said the laughing Emmeline. But laughing or serious, she was equally determined; and neither Sir Henry's sighs, nor Lady Maddalena's eulogiums of him had any effect upon her.

Sir Henry Daverout's first characteristic was excessive good temper; and next to this, that which distinguished him most from the ordinary run of mankind, was a romantic turn of disposition, which led him to do things, of which nobody else would have dreamed. The excitement that had been supplied by his passion for Emmeline had subsided under her unequivocal repulse, and he felt the want of that which had almost become essential to his existence. The conversations at Guyden Castle had frequently turned on Emmeline's fa-

ther, and the anxiety of both the ladies to obtain certain intelligence respecting him had been expressed in a strong and painful manner. Various means had been suggested by Sir Henry Daverout, and applications had been made to almost every individual connected with India, to whom, either Lady Maddalena or Sir Henry could gain access; but the length of time that had elapsed since the last intelligence was received concerning the object of their inquiries seemed in every instance to be an obstacle which it was impossible to surmount. Sir Henry Daverout, upon making his appearance at breakfast one morning, announced his intention of quitting the Castle on the following day; "and if either you, Lady Maddalena, or you, Miss Laurimer, will honour me with any commissions for India, rely upon it, they shall be most punctually executed."

"For India!" exclaimed both the ladies in

a breath, and Lady Maddalena added, laughing, "will nothing cure you of your propensity to jest."

"I was never less disposed to jest than at this moment," said Sir Henry, with a long drawn sentimental sigh, the full effect of which was intended for Emmeline, and which at any other time would have made her smile, but that the mention of India had conjured up more melancholy ideas.

"But what business can carry you thither?" asked Lady Maddalena.

"An errand which you will call a mad one," said Sir Henry; "but as my life has been passed in making my friends wonder at what they, in their wisdom, have been pleased to call my insanity, I shall no be deterred from following my inclinations, by any fear of such reprehensions. I am going to India, to seek Frederick Laurimer."

"Can you be serious?" asked Lady Maddalena, and instantly answering the question for herself, she added, "but this is a subject upon which I know you would not joke."

"Indeed I would not; but what is there in it that should excite your astonishment? I am tired of England, I had almost said of the world, the uses of which seem to me as weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, as they did to the Prince of Denmark. I am tired beyond endurance of the House of Commons, where the same farce, and that a very dull one, is played by the same actors every night for nearly half the year. There is a certain baronet whom you and I know—one Sir Henry Daverout; and of him I am getting more tired than of any thing else that has tired me. Of Guyden Castle and its inmates, true sincerity, as well as common politeness, will not permit me to

say that I am tired; but I am sure they are or soon will be tired of me."

Lady Maddalena would have interrupted him by a contradiction of his latter assertion, but he proceeded:—

"Your pardon, dear Lady Maddalena—I know what you would say. It is what every well bred lady would say under the same circumstances; and giving credit to its being true to the letter, my mind is nevertheless made up to depart. Out of England all places are very much alike to me. If it were only for matter of curiosity, India has at least as many attractions as any other spot on the globe, and I only wonder that I never thought of going there before. The voyage is nothing to a man whose time is worth as little as mine, and at least I shall not be able to spend my money on board ship—a fault I should inevitably commit

if I were to stay at home. But that which really impels me, and I beseech you to believe me quite in earnest when I say this, is a presentiment that I shall be able to discover there your long-lost brother, whom I believe to be still alive, notwithstanding the doubts and fears his silence has occasioned."

Emmeline's eyes were suffused with tears, and she looked an expression of gratitude to Sir Henry, which thanked him more than words, even if she could have found words to utter the feelings of her heart.

Lady Maddalena offered some objections to the design, but they were not urged with great earnestness. She had little faith in the success of Sir Henry's enterprise; but she knew him too well to believe that as matters stood, her remonstrances would be of any avail to induce him to desist from it. One word from Emmeline would have altered his resolution;

but that one word she now knew enough of her niece's character to be convinced it was in vain to expect. Execution rapidly followed conception in all Sir Henry's doings. His preparations for departure had been made before he announced his intention, and the rest of the day was passed in discussing the method in which he should prosecute his search, and in arranging his plans for his transmitting to the ladies by every possible opportunity such information as he might obtain.

CHAPTER IX.

"— Round her couch indulgent fancy drew,
The kindred forms her closing eye required;
There didst thou stand—there, with the smile she knew,
She moved her lips to bless thee, and expired."

ROGERS.

THE day arrived that was to separate, perhaps for ever, Lady Maddalena and the disappointed Sir Henry. The morning rose, bright and lovely. Nature smiled; but she failed to cheer even the elastic spirit of Emmeline. Grateful as she felt towards Sir Henry for his intended search after her father, she could not, at the bottom of her heart, thoroughly forgive him for not marrying her aunt. "He would make her so happy," thought the affectionate girl;

"and then he is so good, and knows so many things, I should be delighted to have such an uncle."

To those speculating minds who decide upon all things from the mere influence of reason, without bestowing a thought on the inconsistencies of our nature; to those who, lost in theory, forget to examine the actual facts that pass under their eyes, it will, doubtless, appear incredible that Lady Maddalena's adieu affected Sir Henry more powerfully than the grateful speeches of Emmeline. It was certain that Miss Laurimer regarded him with indifference. The conviction of so unpleasant a fact is always received as reluctantly and as late as possible; but, once admitted, the violence of all former feelings of love naturally evaporates. An affectionate spirit, or a lively imagination, passion, or idleness, may be the original causes of love, but it must vanish unless "Hope, the

charmer, lingers still behind." When that departs, the very foundations crumble away, and the whole fabric is annihilated. A lingering sensation of blasted tenderness and mortified self-love alone remains, a sad but fleeting vestige of this most powerful and unaccountable of all human passions. So it was with Sir Henry Daverout, he was completely sobered. The enchanting dream of sympathy and mutual love had vanished, and reluctantly he awoke to all that was left him—the reality of his strong esteem and friendship for Lady Maddalena, and a sense of his ingratitude to her after her long tried and steady attachment.

"Thus do we throw away real advantages in the pursuit of vain chimeras," mentally ejaculated Sir Henry, as the great gates of the park closed on his travelling equipage. "Had I not every thing before me? a woman whom, from my earliest youth I had idolized—one

possessing alike beauty, talents, rank, and fortune? In one mad moment I desert her for a girl, lovely and attractive, it is true, but how inferior in every way to Maddalena. Oh! with what gladness and contrition for my absurdity and folly, would I have asked forgiveness, but that I knew it would have been in vain. It was needless to sink myself lower in her esteem. I could not say, 'Emmeline refuses me, and so I return to you.' She has a right to doubt my affection, and my new proffer of it could now only appear to her as an insult. I, who have acted like a madman, deserve to suffer; but if she should suffer too! Alas! she is used to suffering, and too much of it has been on my account!" The traveller roused himself as well as he could from the bitter reflections which crowded on his mind, and sought to dissipate them by contemplations on the new scenes and unaccustomed events

he was likely to encounter in his proposed voyage. He reached London without further adventure; and, having made arrangements as rapidly as possible for his departure, sailed for India by the first vessel that was ready.

Time passed on at Guyden Castle without any fresh occurrence to interest its fair inhabitants, the uniform and peaceful tenor of whose lives was more comfortable than diverting. They heard from Sir Henry Daverout from India. He had then just arrived, but had gained no tidings of Mr. Laurimer. Day succeeded to day, marked only by Emmeline's improvement in mind and person, when she was attacked by an illness, so severe, that it threatened her life. Much alarmed, her anxious aunt watched her with indefatigable care and tenderness. She loved her with a true maternal affection, which was heightened by the affecting remembrance of Frederick and Louisa,

and her love for their offspring was increased by the recollection that she had neglected the opportunity which once presented itself, if not of securing their happiness, at least of preventing the most poignant of their sufferings. The gentle orphan returned her attachment with the most enthusiastic gratitude. Less in awe of her than formerly, she loved her now for herself, but they were too perfectly unlike to admit of that sympathy and genuine confidence which can only exist in congenial minds. Emmeline lived in a world of her own, and her character was an enigma to her aunt. Her present danger roused all Lady Maddalena's feelings. She never quitted her, and, at length, had the satisfaction to hear her pronounced out of danger. The next day she herself took to her bed, assailed by a disorder which had been brought on by the unremitting exertion with which she had attended Emme-

line, and which soon assumed the form of contagion. Possessed of less youth and vigorous spirits, and harassed by the exhausting attention she had devoted to her niece, Lady Maddalena's strength sunk under so severe an attack. She had the firmness to exact a promise from the physician, that Emmeline should be kept in ignorance of her danger, and that her absence should be attributed merely to fatigue or cold. For a few days they contrived to amuse the re-animated invalid; but, as she acquired more strength, she insisted on seeing her aunt. The doctor forbade her to leave the room, and this injunction, for which she felt there could be no real necessity, convinced her that something was wrong. She was in Lady Maddalena's chamber before the medical gentleman had finished the harangue, by which he intended to enforce the necessity of her being kept in undisturbed quiet. Dreadfully, indeed,

was she shocked at the alteration a few days had produced in the beautiful Lady Maddalena. Her complexion had become livid, her eyes were sunk, and her voice was nearly extinct. Their meeting was affecting; but Miss Laurimer enforced herself to conceal her emotion, that it might not, by alarming her, add to the illness of her aunt; and, dressing her countenance in an air of cheerfulness which her heart belied, she exerted herself to raise the drooping spirits of Lady Maddalena, while her own sunk with anguish and dismay. All, indeed, was hopeless, and, in a few days, this exemplary woman breathed her last in the arms of her distracted niece.

Emmeline, scarcely convalescent herself, was overpowered by this appalling stroke. Bodily weakness most fortunately spared her much mental suffering. For many days she was insensible to all around her, and she was only

just able to sit up on a sofa, when Colonel and Mrs. Molesworth arrived to take possession of the Castle.

Mrs. Molesworth was a sister of the late Mr. Guyden, and at the death of Lady Maddalena was to possess the family mansion as well as the rest of the property of her late brother, which had been enjoyed by Lady Maddalena during her life. She was a good-humoured rattle, willing to oblige any body when it did not interfere with her own convenience, or occasion her any expense. She was sorry for Emmeline, whose youth and beauty interested her; and although not overburthened with feeling, she possessed that good breeding which prevents people from doing or saying any thing very grating to the feelings of others. She enquired what were Miss Laurimer's plans, but Miss Laurimer

had formed none. Mrs. Molesworth suggested to her the propriety of writing to Lord De Verney; and, as Emmeline was still weak in health and spirits, she offered herself to acquaint her uncle of the death of Lady Maddalena, and also to ask his advice as to Miss Laurimer's future place of abode. Emmeline gratefully assented. She thought it right to apply to Lord De Verney, who was now her nearest relation, and therefore the proper person to afford her the protection she stood in need of, although she did not expect a person of his character to exert himself in any way for her comfort; and from the idea of any obligation to Lady De Verney, she shrank with mingled alarm and disgust. To her great surprise, however, she received a civil invitation from her aunt, accompanied by a few lines from her uncle, desiring she would immedi-

ately set out for London, with a man and maid servant, and giving her directions for the manner in which she was to travel.

Mrs. Molesworth found her in tears over this unexpected letter, and on perusing its contents, was at a loss to conceive how the prospect of a splendid, and in all respects an eligible asylum, could be a cause of distress to her.

"Indeed, my dear," said she, "I think you are rather unreasonable; Lord De Verney is the best bred, easiest man I ever saw; and if his wife is a little haughty and capricious, it will not much affect you, as you are grown up, and can leave her when you please."

"And where should I go then, ma'am?" asked Emmeline, in a despondent tone.

"Come to me, my dear," replied Mrs. Molesworth, touched by her sorrowful air, and then added, "if you are not kindly used, I

shall be always happy to see you until you can fix upon a more permanent dwelling. As a friend, however, let me advise you to stay as long as you can with your uncle, because he is your natural protector, and the world might be apt to blame you for leaving him, as long as he was willing to retain you in his house."

"The world!" repeated Emmeline frequently to herself: it was a new idea to her. She had never heard Lady Maddalena say, "what will the world think?" But after a little reflection, she reluctantly confessed, that, young and helpless as she was, the opinion of the world was of consequence. She sighed at the chains with which, for the first time in her life, she perceived herself shackled. She thought of the calm inflexible spirit of her lamented aunt, and despised herself for a timidity which was simply the consequence of her inexperience, and which she falsely termed weakness. "If

I am unequal to combat with misfortunes, I will at least endeavour to bend under them without irritation. Let my lot be what it may, I will bear it with patience. I feel that I can neither love nor esteem the people I am going to, but I will suffer no indication of the state of my mind to appear in my behaviour to them. And then my cousin, Lady Sophia, is within a few years of my own age. She is, I dare say, good natured; I may surely like her!" Such were the reflections of the gentle Emmeline, she pursued her journey to town.

CHAPTER X.

"Though in our miseries Fortune have a part;
Yet, in our noble sufferings, she hath none.
Contempt of pain!—that we may call our own."

WEBSTER.

EMMELINE busied herself in the course of her journey, in fancying what sort of persons they were, to whom she was to be introduced. She felt that a new era in her existence had arrived, and that much of her present comfort, perhaps of her ultimate happiness, must depend upon those into whose society fate had thus thrown her. The notions she formed of the character of her uncle and aunt, and their family, were

as wide of the truth as such pictures of the imagination usually are; and yet, as those personages will have to play prominent parts in the ensuing portions of this history, it is fit that they should be described.

Lord De Verney was a good tempered, easy man, whom long habit had reconciled to that which his mere indolence first induced—the absolute government of his wife. He was satisfied to pursue his own pleasures in his own way, and as these lay always from home, and were never interfered with by Lady De Verney, he was well content that she should misrule her family, and indulge her imperious temper without control from him. The utmost length that he ever ventured to go in the way of dissenting from her, was the utterance of some equivocal sarcasm, which, however, one of her formidable frowns was always suffi-

cient to make him retract almost as soon as it was said.

The description given of Lady De Verney by Lady Maddalena, has pointed out the most striking features of her character. The habitual and unchecked indulgence of a very bad temper had not only made her exceedingly disagreeable to all who happened to live within her sphere; but had also produced in her those qualities which are its unfailing fruits——a hardness of heart and laxity of principle, which weaken the judgment and prepare the mind for crime. She flattered herself, that she was a good mother, because she possessed that fierce tenderness for her children, which is common, even to the lower degrees of the brute creation, and which, if unaccompanied by the moral feeling which induces parents to secure their children's happiness, by establishing in their minds,

those principles of religion and honour which are the only true and lasting sources of human felicity, is little better than mere instinct. Such as it was, however, it was almost the only touch of kindness that her disposition knew, and all beside, was composed of stern, inflexible haughtiness and utter insensibility. She was still possessed of considerable personal attractions, and her rank and her fondness for pleasure, made her an important personage in the fashionable world.

Her son, Lord Redhurst, had all the elements of an estimable character; but the ill-judged manner of his education, the unlimited indulgence of his passions, before his reason had attained its maturity, had cast a blemish over his mind, which the society in which he moved, and the example which was daily before him, were not calculated to remove. With a considerable share of pride he had none of the

hard-hearted selfishness which made pride so odious in his mother, and he possessed much of his father's good-nature, without his weakness. A passion for play, which, by being suffered to grow, had become the dominant principle of his existence, obscured his better qualities, and had not only induced that listlessness and apathy which follow the indulgence in excitement of any kind, but had embarrassed him by debts, from which he had no hope of extricating himself, during his father's life, and consequently made him the prey of that detestable portion of the community, who grow rich by ministering to the extravagance of thoughtless young men of rank.

The character of Lady Sophia Laurimer, the only daughter of this noble family, may be expressed in a very few words. She was a spoilt child. In her earlier years, and at the period when the business of her education

ought to have been the sole occupation of her time, she had been grossly neglected and permitted to have her own way to such an extent, as would have wholly destroyed her temper, but that nature had given her great sweetness of disposition, and her mind, which could hardly have become a strong one under any discipline, had taken a decided tone of frivolity and weakness which was now incurable. She was, nevertheless, what is called highly accomplished, that is to say, she had been crammed by the most fashionable masters with all those "odd branches of learning" which may be taught almost as well to dogs and parrots as to human beings, and by the same means. She neither understood nor loved music, but she could play brilliantly, and sing with effect certain *morçeaux* which were then in vogue, and which she had learned by rote, and by dint of imitating the ingenious professors who devote

their time and talents to the noble occupation of making young ladies seem to be that which they are not. She had been taught French by a lady's maid and a governess, who were forbidden to talk any other language in her presence, and therefore she chattered it fluently and viciously enough. Dancing was perhaps the only art in which she had endeavoured to attain perfection, because she delighted in the exercise; and this she had cultivated with so much success, that she enjoyed deservedly the reputation of dancing with more grace than any other fashionable young lady of her years. Accomplished, therefore, she was in the sense commonly ascribed to that expression, but she was at the same time wholly destitute of any solid or worthy acquirement. Her mother was proud of her beauty, and, being perfectly satisfied that she knew quite as much as was necessary for a person of her rank and expectations,

she was very well content that the greater part of her time should now be devoted to the important business of dressing and going out. Under such management the only wonder was, that Lady Sophia did not prove less amiable than she really was, although it must be admitted that she contrived, by dint of mere giddiness and folly, to do as much mischief as is often effected by downright malice and ill-nature. Ever observant of trifles which were not worth observing, and unmindful of matters which were really interesting and important, her conversation was often absurd, and always trifling. Her manners were abrupt, and when freed from restraint of her mother's presence, even hoydenish; but as she was never either sullen or affected, great allowances were made by the kinder portion of her acquaintance for sallies which were set down as the mere ebullition of animal spirits; while the less

considerate took ample vengeance on the enviable cheerfulness which she constantly displayed, by ascribing it to an empty head and an insensible heart.

It was by this young lady that Emmeline was received on her arrival in London. As she approached the end of her journey, her repugnance to meet Lady De Verney increased almost to fear. She had seen her once, but it was so long ago that she could scarcely call to her recollection the features of this formidable personage, while all that Lady Maddalena had told her of her violence and other disagreeable qualities, forced itself upon her mind.

It was late when the carriage stopped at her uncle's door. She was shewn into a spacious but empty apartment, and having waited here for a short time, the door was opened, and a young lady, accompanied by a stiff, lean, foreign-looking woman, entered the room. Em-

meline was not a loss to know who the younger one was, and if she had been, her suspense would not have been of long continuance, in the presence of so communicative a person as Lady Sophia Laurimer.

The elder female, who was the governess, approached, and with an abundance of compliments and curtesies, informed Emmeline that she was sent by Lady De Verney to welcome her to London.

"Come, that will do, ma'amselle," cried Lady Sophia, impatiently interrupting her, before the duenna had got half to the end of her congratulatory harangue. "I must speak to Miss Laurimer now. You know, my dear, I am your cousin," and holding out both her hands, she took Emmeline's, and shook them cordially.

The orphan bowed, and smilingly replied, "I am happy in the honour of becoming acquainted with Lady Sophia Laurimer."

"Happy in the honour!" repeated the young lady, standing for a moment in an attitude of reflection. "Aye, that's it exactly. That is just what mamma told me to say to the bride, Lady Moray; and although I repeated it twenty times before I saw her, do you know I forgot it entirely when I met her."

Ma'amselle attempted to check her pupil's vivacity, but in vain.

"Mamma's at dinner, you know, so you'll come up into my room. I hope you had a diverting journey? It was so dark I could not see whether the tassels to your windows were broken. It is the greatest plague not to be able to wipe the windows. Don't you think so?"

"It is a pity to lose the prospect, certainly," replied Miss Laurimer; "particularly at this season of the year."

"Prospect!" replied Lady Sophia, frisking

up stairs before her; "oh, I don't mean that. I suppose one country is just like another; but it is the charming things one meets that I like to look at. Yesterday I was driving out in mamma's coach, and I saw a waggon and team of horses, with the hair of their manes all put up in *papillotes*. There were seven on each mane, excepting the last horse, and he had eight."

Depressed in spirit as Emmeline was, she could not refrain from laughing at the singular conversation of her cousin, who continued chattering incessantly upon the most ludicrously trifling topics. The evening was passed in Lady Sophia's room.

Lady De Verney did not come up stairs, but signified to her niece that she might join them below or go to bed. Emmeline thankfully availed herself of the latter permission, being

equally fatigued with herself and her cousin.

The next morning she was summoned to Lady De Verney's dressing-room. Her aunt was seated before a breakfast-table. She bent her head stiffly to Emmeline's salutation. Lord De Verney extended his hand to her, without rising from the sofa on which he was lolling; drawing his niece towards him, paid her some compliments on her beauty, and welcomed her to London with more warmth than he usually displayed; then, turning round, he said to his son—"Frederick, this is your cousin."

The young man, who was near his mother, rose and bowed, but with so listless an air that Emmeline did not believe he looked at her; and, having performed this act of civility, he betook himself to the dish of tea before him, and continued to study a newspaper.

"You have breakfasted, I presume, Miss

Laurimer," said Lady De Verney, in a freezing accent.

"Oh yes! ages ago," said Lady Sophia; "and, do you know, ma'amselle forgot to give her any sugar in her tea, and she never found it out. Wasn't it so odd, Frederick?"

Her brother smiled, but made no answer. Lady Sophia did not want any, but went on. —"Pray, have you a *Christian* name, or am I to call you Miss Laurimer?"

"You may call me anything you please; my name is Emmeline."

"Why, that was grandmamma's name," pursued the giddy chatterer. "How came you to be called after her, when she hated you, and your father and mother, and all?"

"Sophia!" said Lord De Verney, sternly, shocked at the gross want of consideration which his daughter had displayed.

Emmeline's eyes filled with tears; her cou-

sin's instantly began to flow, and she embraced her with mingled sobs and apologies. Miss Laurimer checked her own emotion to soothe Lady Sophia, and threw the blame on her own enfeebled spirits.

"Who is that tone so like?" said the afflicted girl, suddenly raising her head from Emmeline's shoulder. "I have certainly heard it before in some play;" but before the young lady's memory could assist her in this particular, a new object struck her fancy, and flinging herself on a couch in a violent burst of laughter, while the tears yet hung upon her cheek, "was ever anything so good—so strikingly like?"

"What?" asked the astonished and bewildered Emmeline.

Lady Sophia's merriment continued, and, pointing to her mother's pug dog, sleeping composedly at her feet, with a corner of the table-

cloth hanging in drapery over its head.—"Ma'amselle to perfection," she said; "just the very way she sleeps, and the handkerchief she throws over her head; only it hangs a little lower, and is seldom so clean."

"Really, Lady Sophia," said her mother, rising haughtily, "your spirits are very overpowering to a nervous person. I must beg you will laugh elsewhere;" and, as she spoke, she moved majestically away, without ever looking at Miss Laurimer.

Emmeline, to whom Lady De Verney's behaviour was painful as it was unexpected,—for though she had heard she was haughty, she was not prepared to find her cold, even to insolence,—arose to follow. Lady Sophia, over whose unimpressive mind reproof or praise glanced equally unfelt, tripped as gaily out of the room as she had entered it.

Some weeks passed slowly and unpleasantly

by. Miss Laurimer had conceived so strong an aversion to Lady De Verney that she wished anxiously for the termination of her stay in London, and endeavoured to discover some means by which it might be brought about: but she felt, even while she indulged this desire, that it was hardly within the compass of possibility that she should be relieved from a thraldom at which her spirit revolted. Now it was that she felt with redoubled keenness the loss of Lady Maddalena; and without one sympathising spirit in the world, to whom she could disclose the load of grief that weighed heavy upon her heart, she recognized the bitter truth that all sorrows may be repaired but those which are occasioned by the death of dear friends. In the desolate solitude of her heart, she dwelt with fond hope on the belief that Sir Harry Daverout's search for her father might be successful; and slender as was the

probability, she built upon it with confidence, and would not permit herself to doubt the fulfilment of that event to which alone she looked for comfort and relief.

In the meantime she displayed no outward token of the sorrow she felt. The depression of her spirits had indeed induced a gravity of deportment and serious expression of features, but not more than such as they who had known her only since her arrival in London might have believed was natural to her. She was not sorry to find herself completely neglected by her uncle and aunt, but she was disappointed at finding her time entirely, at the disposal of her trifling cousin. If she sate down to draw in her own room, this volatile girl would not leave her in peace, but whisking about, chattering incessantly, destroying her light, mixing her colours, or giving her pencils to the dog to play with, she convinced

her that all attempts at employment in her presence were in vain. Like the gnat that alternately buzzes and stings, she kept those about her in continual fever. Sometimes Emmeline would take advantage of the arrival of some of her cousin's masters to leave the room, and, rejoicing at her escape, would take up a book, on which she could scarce fix her mind, ere a message from Lady De Verney would be brought her, desiring she would play a duet with Lady Sophia, or make one in some figure dance. In vain did she not unfrequently represent she had never seen the piece of music, and knew nothing of Opera dances. She was not required to do it well—for her performance was not the object—she was merely to be useful. To a temper less excellent than Emmeline's, the airs of the governess, which often degenerated into impertinence, would have been a greater source of torment

than even the proud indifference of Lady De Verney, or the provoking frivolity of Lady Sophia. But Miss Laurimer had early formed a just opinion of this contemptible and ignorant sycophant, she ceased therefore to think about her; and morning after morning she passed by her side forgetful of her existence, and roused only by the repeated and silly interrogatories of her cousin to cold monosyllables or common place phrases.

The deep mourning for Lady Maddalena having been cast off, the Earl's mansion again became the rendezvous of the fashionable and the dissipated. Emmeline mingled in the gay throng unnoticed, and thankful that she was so. At her first appearance her native timidity made her shrink alarmed and distressed from the gaze of numbers; but presently convinced that every body was occupied with themselves or their own immediate set, and perfectly un-

mindful of so unobtrusive a person as herself, she recovered her composure, and was glad to be lost in the crowd.

Lady De Verney, whose extreme ostentation, rather than any feeling of kindness or sympathy for her sorrows, had induced her to agree to her husband's proposal of offering a home to his niece, was by no means as forgetful of her as she appeared to be. She had conceived a notion, before Emmeline's arrival, that, having been brought up in the country, the rusticity of her manners would have been wholly unsuitable to the society of which her house was the resort. When, however, she had seen her, other fears assailed her. She perceived that she had acquired all that polished ease, for which Lady Maddalena had been so highly distinguished, and which was rendered more striking from her natural grace and beauty, and more attractive from her

sweetness. Lady De Verney then thought that her young relative was equally dangerous to both her children. To Lord Redhurst, if he should be captivated by her charms, and to Lady Sophia, by sharing with her the admiration, of which the politic mother meant she should have the exclusive advantage.

Lady De Verney was what the world calls a clever woman, that is to say, she was fond of contrivances, possessed a considerable share of cunning, and, being withheld by no feelings of honour, or principle, her contrivances very often succeeded. Although violent, she never gave way to her temper where its indulgence might injure her; and although proud, she was above no meanness that she thought might be serviceable to her. Already it had occurred to her that by getting Emmeline married, she might rid herself of all inconvenience on that score,

and she had conceived a plan by which this design might be effected, in which her niece's happiness was the last thing she contemplated. She paused, however, in this design for the present at least, because she had determined to make Emmeline's accomplishments tend to improve her daughter in private, while in public she trusted to her own skill in tactics to throw her so completely in the back ground, that she should never appear in the light of a rival. It was a part of this notable project that the greater portion of Emmeline's time should be passed with her cousin and the governess, and then she would be out of the way of Lord Redhurst, upon whose indolence his mother securely calculated against the chance of his going to seek her. Nothing could have succeeded more perfectly than Lady De Verney's arrangements hitherto. Lord Redhurst had

not fallen in love with his cousin, not so much because she was out of his sight, as because he had no particular disposition to do so. He was by no means insensible to her beauty or her merit, and could not but feel respect and esteem for one, who was, in all points, one of the most amiable of her sex; but against the fascinations of beauty his heart was trebly armed. A passion only second in power to that universal one that sways the world, occupied him, to the exclusion of every other.

Lady Sophia had evinced more docility under the instruction and advice which Emmeline had rendered her, than she had ever before displayed; and even Lady De Verney could not help perceiving that her daughter was much improved by her cousin's society. In public company the retiring temper and depressed spirits of Emmeline prevented the necessity of

her ladyship being put to any of those well known contrivances by which ingenious mothers secure their daughters an opportunity of shewing off to the best advantage.

CHAPTER XI.

"Le bon cœur est chez elle compagnon du bon sens,
Avec cent qualités trop long à deduire :
Une noblesse d'ame, un talent pour conduire
Et les affaires et les gens :
Une humeur franche et libre, et le don d'être amie."

LA FONTAINE.

ALTHOUGH it was impossible for Emmeline wholly to shake off the irksome thoughts which her present position, and the frequent annoyances to which it exposed her, engendered; there were moments when their weight was lightened. Lady De Verney's house was the frequent resort of the most distinguished personages of the fashionable world; and the society which was assembled there was always

gay, and often very amusing. If she could have chased from her mind the undying remembrance of the loss she had sustained, and the painful feeling that she was alone in the world, Emmeline would probably have entered into the spirit of such scenes with a heart as light as any of those to whom they afforded unmixed pleasure; as it was, she frequently felt that even to be a mere observer of the enjoyments of others, relieved her for a time from dwelling upon her own causes of sorrow. Little as she knew practically of the world, she was aware that the clear brow and the incessant smiles which decked many of the most prominent leaders of these revels, were mere coverings, assumed, like the wearer's dresses, for the occasion, and that beneath them lurked discontent and pain as heavy and as bitter as those which the confessedly wretched had to endure. Still the semblance of joy was

something, and, like an arctic sunshine, cheered, if it did not warm, the surface over which it played.

Lady De Verney's house was open on one night in the week to the whole fashionable circle that the town contained. Any one who looked at her on these occasions, and who knew nothing of her besides, would have been slow to believe that she was so odious a person as in her less constrained hours she seemed. With enough of her former charms remaining to make her appear, by candle-light, and under the magic illusions of dress and ornament, still beautiful, she could assume a winning grace and blandness of manner that justified the admiration of her guests; and even Emmeline, although she had been behind the curtain, could hardly persuade herself that so accomplished an actress in public, was in private so much the reverse of what she seemed to be.

Her guests did not know—nor, if they had, would they have cared—any thing about the matter. It was enough for them that they met at her parties all the wealthiest and most brilliant of the world of fashion; and for herself it was enough to know that her Friday nights made her the admiration of some, and the envy of almost all of those whom she received.

Of the personages who flocked to these assemblies the greater part of them were too much occupied with themselves and with their own pursuits to pay any attention to one who courted notoriety so little as Emmeline. With two persons, however, and with two only, she had contracted a sort of intimacy.

The first of them was Lady Helena D'Arcy, the only daughter of the Earl of Boughton. She was not more than two or three years older than Emmeline; but, from having been

introduced into society at an unusually early age, and having lived ever since in *le grand monde*, she was more perfectly experienced in all its mysteries than many of her seniors. The death of her mother soon after she was "brought out," by compelling her to act, on many occasions, for herself, had elicited the powers of her naturally strong character, and had given a tone of independence and decision to her conduct which was somewhat extraordinary in so young a woman. She had been carefully educated, and, while she was deficient in none of the elegant acquirements in which women of rank are commonly instructed, she had mastered some of the more difficult branches of science. She had read much, and recollected well what she had read. She was handsome, young, and amiable; but the unceremonious sarcasm and prompt wit to which she was occasionally provoked by the preten-

sion and affectation she encountered, had rendered her a favourite with neither sex. Men and women were somewhat jealous and afraid of her; both joined in voting her a *bas bleu;* and she saw, without surprise or regret, that persons much inferior to her in beauty as well as in more solid qualities, were held in more general estimation. The simple and unaffected good sense, and the delicate taste which marked Emmeline's demeanour, and shone in her conversation, had charms for Lady Helena, which induced her to cultivate the slight acquaintance that accident had first formed between them, and, after a short time, each looked forward to the Friday nights, where they were certain of meeting.

The other of Emmeline's new acquaintances was a Mr. Mortimer, a tall, gentlemanly person, apparently of about the age of fifty, who had been introduced to Lady De Verney's

parties by Lord Redhurst, with whom he seemed to be on terms of close intimacy, although none of the family knew where their friendship had commenced, or what was the cause which had brought and which held together men of tempers, manners, and years so dissimilar. Lady De Verney had frequently expressed her surprise at her son's evident attachment to a person whom nobody knew, and whom she had, therefore, honoured with her dislike. She had interrogated Lord Redhurst on the subject, who had made only some vague and unsatisfactory replies to her inquiries, and she felt too little interest in the matter to pursue them, even if she had thought her son was likely to gratify her curiosity. It was evident, from Mr. Mortimer's manners, that he had, from his birth, belonged to the society in which he moved; his conversation always gave proofs of a mind of a superior order, and from

occasional allusions he made, although always sparingly and by accident, it appeared that he had passed many years of his life abroad, and that he had not long returned to his native country. Emmeline had at first been struck by a certain resemblance in his figure and the tone of his voice to Lord De Verney; and which, when she first saw him, was so strong as to induce her to mistake him for her uncle. He was standing at some distance, with his back turned towards her, and engaged in conversation with Lord Redhurst. In the belief that it was Lord De Verney himself, she had approached him, and had laid her hand upon his arm and began to address him before she discovered her mistake. When the stranger raised his head, Emmeline saw that the resemblance was an extremely distant one. Mr. Mortimer's features were highly intelligent, and much more handsome than those of her

uncle. His hair was more grey, and there was in his countenance an expression of thoughtfulness, which occasionally amounted to sadness, that was wholly unlike the broad, unintellectual, contented smile which always characterised the features of Lord De Verney. It was on the occasion just mentioned that Emmeline's acquaintance with Mr. Mortimer had commenced. As soon as she perceived her error, she uttered some words of apology, and explained the cause of her inadvertence. Mr. Mortimer fixed his eyes upon her for a moment, without speaking, and immediately requested Lord Redhurst to introduce him to her. This ceremony was, of course, performed on the instant, and from that moment an intimacy ensued which was a source of real pleasure to each of them.

Emmeline found in Mr. Mortimer's society a charm which she had never before experienced.

There was a kind, almost paternal tone in every word he addressed to her, which awoke emotions in her heart, that she had not experienced since her aunt's death. That which had hitherto made Lady De Verney's house most disagreeable to her, was, that it contained no one for whom she could entertain those feelings of affection and respect to which she had been so long accustomed, that they seemed almost necessary to her existence. The *besoin d'aimer* had preyed upon her incessantly; her spirit had languished for some congenial mind with which she might hold communion; and in the society of Lady Helena and Mr. Mortimer she almost forgot the griefs that assailed her in their absence. The deference which Lord Redhurst seemed to pay to this gentleman, and the warm regard which he evinced, rather than expressed for him, astonished her much more than her own predilection in his favour. Cold and in-

different as he was to all other persons, and on all other occasions, the young nobleman was in his friend's presence animated and even talkative, and was evidently actuated by a desire to win his good opinion. Emmeline tried to solve this problem, and at length could account for it in no other way than by attributing it to the influence which a powerful mind like that of Mr. Mortimer, must always exercise over such a one as Lord Redhurst's. Emmeline had, unintentionally, overheard a conversation that took place between the two friends, which convinced her that the opinion she had formed, was correct.

They were standing in Lady De Verney's crowded drawing-room, looking at a group of young dancers, when Mr. Mortimer said, turning to his young friend, "And is it possible that this scene has no excitement for you, and that you can look on it without experiencing

any sympathy with the pleasure which seems to reign around you?"

"Nothing is more true," replied Lord Redhurst. "There was a time, I admit, when such scenes amused me; but I have been long convinced of the utter emptiness of pleasures such as these, if they deserve that name. It may be that satiety has palled my taste; perhaps it is that the frivolity of the pursuit has disgusted me; but, whatever may be the cause, to me, this revelry is as void of enjoyment, as the actors in it are without interest for me."

"Then you must give me leave to tell you that these sentiments savour rather of misanthropy than of philosophy."

"And is not misanthropy the result of philosophy, since you force me to dignify my sentiments with so respectable and sounding a name?"

"Heaven forbid that it should be! True

philosophy teaches men not to scorn those enjoyments which are within their reach: and which, as they occasion neither pain nor evil to any one, leave no food for remorse; and religion itself, the end of which is to improve the temporal as well as the eternal happiness of mankind, enforces the same lesson."

"My answer is that what you call enjoyments, are none to me."

"My objection is unremoved by that answer. We make our happiness oftener than we find it; and, unhappily for us, the perverseness of our nature is such, that we either mar our felicity by abuse, or neglect to cultivate the sources from which the goodness of Providence has permitted it to flow abundantly. At your years, the world ought not to have lost its charms."

"Nor has it; but they are not presented to me under its present aspect. The society of

frivolous persons, the pursuit of unsatisfactory joys, I have tried, until my heart sickens at them."

"But it is not to such persons and to such joys that you are chained. Young, possessed of talents, enjoying advantages of education and of station which make you the envy of millions, by what strange obliquity of reasoning is it that you can have arrived, at the age of six and twenty, to an apathy of sentiment which many men do not experience even at the close of a long life?"

"Simply because I find no pursuit capable of awakening the energies of my character, if, indeed, as I sometimes doubt, I possess such a character as you give me credit for."

"Yes, there is one pursuit."

"I admit there is one; and from that I know you would endeavour to divert me. Be assured, my dear friend, it is in vain. All

that you could say against it I have heard said over and over again. Perhaps I should find it difficult to contradict all the objections that exist to it; but I must have some occupation, and that is the only one I have been able to find, which has attractions enough to make me sometimes forget the otherwise insufferable tediousness of my existence. I shall therefore practise at least a part of the philosophy you teach, and continue that pursuit in which alone I discover enjoyments."

"Do not pervert my philosophy. I preach only the pursuit of innocent pleasures; and, unless that to which you are addicted leaves no sting behind, remember, it is not a part of my system."

"Let us then change the subject."

"Willingly—with this intimation only, that I do not yet despair of seeing you change your present notions."

"And I, on the contrary, fear that I shall have to convince you how very incorrigible I am."

Lord Redhurst, as he spoke, turned round and saw Emmeline, who, having been seated near them when this conversation began, had remained in her place, not from a wish to hear it, but through her unwillingness to interrupt it. She had observed in Lord Redhurst that disposition which his friend was endeavouring to correct, and was so well convinced that it obscured many noble qualities, that she could not help feeling as strong a desire as seemed to actuate Mr. Mortimer for its removal.

The gentlemen both approached her, and at the same moment Lady Helena, who had been looking for Emmeline, joined them.

"Come," said Lord Redhurst, "let us, who are steady folks, and who do not dance, employ ourselves in some amusing and innocent

manner. For example, let us say all the ill we know of our neighbours."

"I object to that," said Lady Helena; "the evening would not be long enough for our purpose; besides, the occupation would be a dull one, for we have told the same story over and over again."

"Well, then," rejoined Lord Redhurst, "as both my cousin Emmeline and my friend Mr. Mortimer are in a great degree unacquainted with my mother's guests, I call upon you, Lady Helena, to explain the characters of some of the most remarkable among them. You know every body, and have a happy knack at sketching portraits."

"You flatter me," replied Lady Helena, "but I have no objection to be show-woman. Who shall we begin with? Tell me what animal attracts your curiosity, Miss Laurimer, and I will explain to you his name and qua-

lities. Of course you know the most celebrated of them, so my task will be limited to the description of the less common subjects."

"Who then," said Emmeline, "is that tall, corpulent man turning over the music yonder?"

"That, my dear, is Captain Pemberton, a very extraordinary personage, once an admirer of mine, but whose passion for me has now subsided into compassion for the want of taste which induced me to decline his pretensions. He is, as you may perceive, some six feet three inches in stature, but an odd mistake seems to have been made by dame Nature in composing his figure, for, to a very robust and gigantic frame she has given a fair chubby face, curling flaxen hair, and a pair of as unmeaning light blue eyes as ever were bestowed upon a wax doll. He is quite as singular a person as he looks, and is made up of contrasts. His voice

is a most amusing treble, and his conversation as vehement as that of Captain Bobadil, in the play. With a placidity of manner which would sit well upon a Quaker, he is impetuously passionate, and, like Mount Hecla, breathes flame while he looks all snow. So much for his exterior. I am told, however, that he is a very excellent person, and I believe it. He has been in the army ever since he was a boy, has distinguished himself upon several occasions, has a high reputation for skill and bravery in his profession, and is very much liked by all his friends."

"And yet, with all these good qualities, and the additional recommendation of being a capital subject to laugh at, you resisted him!" said Mr. Mortimer.

"Bad taste, no doubt you think, on my part," replied Lady Helena; "but, so it was. I should not, I confess, like, under any cir-

cumstances, to have for a husband a man whom the world considers an oddity; and besides, a nick-name which some of his friends have given him, decided me."

"What was that name?" asked Mr. Mortimer.

"You may tell it," interrupted Lord Redhurst, "but I recommend no one but a lady to repeat it. Pemberton, although an extremely good-natured man, does not understand being laughed at, as an unlucky fellow in his own regiment, who was indiscreet enough to apply his *sobriquet*, will remember to his dying day."

"Nay, there is no great harm in it," said Lady Helena, "and not malice enough to have justified him in fighting about it. However, I must tell it now, since you have excited our friend's curiosity. He called out the officer to whom Lord Redhurst alludes, and lamed

him for life, because he called him the Patagonian Cupid."

"Lady Helena will not finish the story," said Lord Redhurst, "so I must; and tell you that it was for the quickness to quarrel which Pemberton displayed on this occasion, that she dismissed him."

Lady Helena made no reply to this observation, but said she was ready to go on with her explanations.

"Tell me, then, if you please," said Emmeline, "who is that handsome dark woman whom the Duke of Athermore is playing at écarté with.

"Is it possible that you don't know her?" asked Lady Helena. "That, my dear, is Lady Ellesmore, the wife of the judge. She is, as you see, decidedly beautiful, in a certain style of beauty, and for that reason, and because she is a *parvenue*, we, whose ancestors

attained some centuries ago, the rank which her husband's merit has procured for him only recently, take every opportunity of saying ill-natured things of her. What her original condition was, I don't know, and I have heard so many contradictory stories about it, that I don't know what to believe. Some folks insist that she was the daughter of a laundress, and others, who affect to be less severe, admit her to have been a milliner. It is quite certain, however, that she has the manners of a lady, no matter where she acquired them. She is very good-natured; gives very gay entertainments; her husband's station and his connexion with the government, insure her admittance to the first circles, and her own tact and ingenuity preserve her from the mortifications, which some of her new acquaintance would, if they could venture, prepare for her. She appears quite satisfied with the brilliant

existence she leads, and they are reduced to console themselves with little slanders, in her absence, for the court and flattery they find it worth their while to bestow upon her when they meet her."

"But is she really a woman of any acquirements?" asked Lord Redhurst.

"If you mean the ordinary acquirements of fashionable women, I should say I think not," replied Lady Helena. "I don't believe she knows a note of music, nor any language but her own, although she has cleverness enough to conceal her deficiency. But, in the more useful acquirements which are necessary to shine in the great world, remarkable quickness, natural good taste, discretion, and *le sçavoir vivre*, I hardly know any body her superior. She plays the *dame de condition* as if she was 'to the manner born.'"

"All of which says very little for us of the

exclusive class, as we are fond of calling ourselves," replied Lord Redhurst. "What is that we are proud of, when all that we prize most is to be attained by any one whose ambition prompts them to make the trial; for nothing is more true than that Lady Ellesmore's origin was extremely obscure."

"If we were proud of nothing but externals, that would be true," said Lady Helena. "But there are among us instances of nobility of character and conduct, which are enough to justify our pretensions. I have as much pride as any one, and although I am no friend to that description of it, which is sustained merely by the possession of rank and wealth, I can count among my friends, persons who would dignify any condition of life, and who add lustre by their virtue and talents to the station in which birth has placed them. But I find myself neglecting my office. Do you see that fat

little man, to talk with whom the Duke has left off his game?"

"You mean Sir Jeremy Burnham," replied Lord Redhurst.

"Of course *you* know him," said Lady Helena, "but our friends are not so fortunate. That little gentleman is one of the instances which are not rare in this free country of industry and enterprize elevating a man to consideration. He was born in a small town very near to a house of my father's in Lancashire, where his father was one of the humblest of shopkeepers. Such education as he had, he received at a grammar school there; and as he left it before he was twelve years old, you may suppose that his obligations to the pious founder of that useful establishment were not very deep. His father was too poor to maintain him, and he was apprenticed to a manufacturer. On his master's death he carried on his busi-

ness, married his widow, invented an improvement in the machinery he used, by which he was enabled to effect a considerable reduction in the price of coarse woollen cloths, and made a contract for supplying the government during the war, by which he amassed in a short time a large sum of money. His affairs extended themselves rapidly: fortune smiled on all he did, and in less than thirty years he found himself possessed of an immense fortune. He is now one of the largest landholders in the county, and as he is the patron of six boroughs, and can command twelve votes in the House of Commons, he is a person of such importance that even the proud Duke of Athermore, his Majesty's first minister, is glad to seize an opportunity of shewing the consideration in which he holds him. Another lesson for us exclusives."

"And a wholesome one too," observed Mr.

Mortimer, "for all the world admits that although his manners are not the most polished, and his English none of the most pure, Sir Jeremy Burnham is a kind and charitable man, a good landlord, an honest dealer, and a loyal subject."

"But, be so good as to tell me, if you know that foreign-looking personage, whom Lady De Verney is honouring with one of her most gracious smiles at this moment?"

"That is a very mysterious and sublime personage," replied Lady Helena, "the appellation by which he is commonly known, is that of the Count Ragotzky. He is one of Lady De Verney's particular favourites, and that, in Lord Redhurst's presence, must be description enough."

"O, for heaven's sake, do not spare me," cried Lord Redhusrt. "Don't imagine that I

am answerable for my mother's partialities or dislikes; still less that I am obliged to justify or to partake them."

"Nay then," said Lady Helena, "if that is really so, I feel no scruple to tell you what I know about this gentleman, and the greater part of the history indeed is that which was told me by Lady De Verney, who had been told it by the Count himself. He gives himself out then for a Polish nobleman, who has served in the French army; says that he seeks a refuge in England, from some persecution which he does not very fully explain, but which, he says, has been occasioned by his advocating those principles of universal freedom, which have become so fashionable of late. His estates, as he says, have been sequestered by the influence of his enemies; but his mother, who is in the possession of a very large revenue,

transmits him annually as much as is sufficient to enable him to support the rank of a gentleman in this country. By some means or other, he has contrived to get himself introduced into the society in which you see him. By dint of a tolerable person, and those large yellow mustachios which adorn his upper lip, and by playing a little on the guitar, and singing very badly, and very much out of tune, he has captivated several old ladies of fashion, with whom he is a great favourite. He is an excellent figure for a *lion;* there is something so bizarre, and incomprehensible in his appearance, that ladies who are 'at home,' find him an extremely useful personage, and therefore you go nowhere without seeing him. Notwithstanding all these irresistible claims to esteem, there are censorious people who say he is no Count, nor even a Pole; but that he is a *chevalier d'industrie,* and that he is indebted to his ingenuity

at play for the means of living as he does. Now I have told you all *I know* of him, it is fair to add what I think. I have had the honour of conversing with him, and, notwithstanding his fair complexion and the cast of his features, I believe him to be a Frenchman, and I think he is playing a part here, which is different from his real character; and, although he affects a certain stateliness of manner, and an air of sentiment when speaking of his misfortunes and his exile, which some of my friends find quite pathetic, I have great doubts of his having any just pretensions to the title of a gentleman at all."

"Do you know him, Lord Redhurst?" asked Mr. Mortimer.

"I know him," replied Lord Redhurst, "as one knows people one meets every where. The man behaves well enough, notwithstanding Lady Helena's suspicions; he says he has

lived all his life in camps, and that may account for a certain want of polish which he occasionally displays, and which is not less apparent than his efforts to hide it." As he concluded, he whispered a few words in Mr. Mortimer's ear.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Mortimer.

Captain Pemberton approached at this moment, and, after he had accosted Lady Helena, Lord Redhurst said to him—"Pemberton, you come *à propos*. You know the Count Ragotzky. Do tell these ladies who he is and all about him."

"I do assure you," said the Captain, addressing himself to the ladies, in a tone which was between a whisper and a squeak, "with the most perfect sincerity, and as I hope to be saved, that I have never been able to discover; although, may I die this instant, if I have not tried by all means to ascertain. He

is really a most extraordinary personage; nobody knows who he is, or where he came from; who was his father, or where his estates lie; why he is here, or when he is going away. All I do know of him is, that he lives expensively, keeps horses and equipage, spends a good deal, plays, bets, sometimes wins, which seems extraordinary; and sometimes loses, which is more extraordinary; and what is most extraordinary of all, pays when he loses. I declare to you I have conceived an unaccountable liking for him for his mysterious qualities. He must be the master of some admirable secret. I think of asking him to let me have his portrait painted, that I may always have in my recollection his matchless powers."

"Upon my word you excite my curiosity to know more of so wonderful a personage," said Mr. Mortimer; "will you do me the favour to introduce me to him?"

"With the greatest possible delight," replied Captain Pemberton, and they walked away together.

Emmeline could not understand what Mr. Mortimer saw in the appearance of this Count, or had heard in the description of him, that should induce a desire to be better acquainted with him. Before, however, she could express her astonishment, a message was brought to her from Lady De Verney, who wanted to ask some frivolous question of her, and, on her return, Mr. Mortimer had quitted the room.

CHAPTER XII.

———" Of all the world's diversions,
I love best t' unfrock a knave,—to dash away
The flimsy vizor that conceals his guile,
And let men gaze on his deformity."

GASCOIGNE.

EMMELINE's days passed over, unmarked by any event of interest. She had resumed, in some degree, her cheerfulness, and custom had reconciled her to the frivolity of her cousin, and the indifference of her aunt. Lord De Verney was always good-natured; and, as he appeared to be glad to see her, when they met, she had begun to conceive more regard for him than at her first introduction to him she

had thought he was likely to inspire. Of Lord Redhurst she saw very little. He was frequently from home, and when he appeared in the family, the same overwhelming apathy seemed to envelope him which he had avowed in his conversation with Mr. Mortimer. To Emmeline, however, he was more attentive than to any other member of the family; and, although his civilities were not so strongly marked as to excite any of those fears which his mother had thought might be created; yet Emmeline felt thankful for them, because they relieved her from the chilling and desolate feeling, that no one had sufficient interest in her existence to bestow upon her the ordinary kindnesses of conventional courtesy. Lady De Verney was not more conciliatory than she had ever been; but, as she found she was likely to experience no opposition from Emme-

line, her indifference, assumed a less repelling and offensive form.

On the next occasion that Emmeline met Mr. Mortimer, she could not resist the inclination she felt, to ask him how he liked his new acquaintance, the Count Ragotzky.

"I did not seek his acquaintance for the purpose of liking him," replied Mr. Mortimer. "I wished only to know something more of him."

"Well, then, does he improve upon your further knowledge of him?" asked Emmeline. "Was the account given of him by Lady Helena a correct one, in your opinion?"

"It is very hard to form a correct opinion of any man, in an acquaintance so short as mine has been with him," replied Mr. Mortimer.

Emmeline saw, from Mr. Mortimer's replies

that the subject was one on which he was not disposed to be communicative. "You are impenetrable to-night," she said, laughing. "We will dismiss the Count, until you are better able, or more disposed to tell me about him."

"When I *know* any thing about him, depend upon it I will tell you," replied Mr. Mortimer emphatically.

Emmeline could not understand the serious tone in which Mr. Mortimer spoke, she therefore changed the subject, and resumed one which was always uppermost in her mind. "You have travelled much, Mr. Mortimer," she said, "have you ever been in India?"

"I have passed many years of my life in India," he replied, "and I have been in England only a short time since my departure from that country."

"Did you meet Sir Henry Daverout there?"

asked Emmeline with an anxious emotion, which she found it impossible to conceal.

"Yes," replied Mr. Mortimer, "I know Sir Henry Daverout extremely well. Have you not heard from him lately?"

"No," replied Emmeline, "and I have begun to feel alarmed at his silence."

"I can answer for his safety when I left India," replied Mr. Mortimer; "and, although I know it was not then his intention to return to England by the shortest passage, I believe that he is now on his way hither."

"Oh!" said Emmeline, "it is impossible—I beg your pardon, I should say, it is very extraordinary that he should have begun his journey home without apprizing me of it."

"I presume then, Miss Laurimer," said Mr. Mortimer, "that you are interested in his return?"

"Oh, yes," replied Emmeline, "most deeply interested in it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Mortimer.

Emmeline perceived by the tone in which this exclamation was uttered, that Mr. Mortimer had interpreted her expression in a sense she did not mean it to bear, and she continued eagerly, "that is, I am deeply interested in the result of his visit to India."

"And has he personally no share in the interest you feel?" asked Mr. Mortimer.

"No other," replied Emmeline, "than that which I cannot but feel for a very kind friend, who took so long a journey in the hope of discovering a long lost relative of mine, the dearest and nearest I have in the world."

"You appear affected, Miss Laurimer," said Mr. Mortimer, in a tone of marked kindness. "Believe me, it is no feeling of curiosity that prompts my enquiry; but may I ask what re-

lative it is that excites in you so powerful an interest?"

"A father whom I have never seen," replied Emmeline, dissolving in tears as she spoke.

"And are you not aware whether he is alive or not?"

"Oh, no, his friends in England have received no tidings of him for some time previous to my birth."

"But no news of his death then have arrived?"

"Not any," replied Emmeline.

"Then you may depend upon it that he still lives," said Mr. Mortimer, "whatever circumstances may have occasioned his silence. But did he know of your existence?"

"He did not," replied Emmeline, "my mother died soon after his departure. An unfortunate misunderstanding between him and the only member of his family with whom he

was upon terms, probably led him to suppose that he had no child, and if he be alive that is the only way in which I can account for his silence; but, alas! I fear my apprehensions are too well founded, and that I am literally alone and friendless in the world."

"Friendless you can never be," replied Mr. Mortimer, and his eyes filled with tears as he spoke, "qualities such as you possess will always insure you friends. I am too old to flatter, even if I had any inclination to do so, and believe, therefore, that I say what I feel. Trust too to the goodness of that Providence which never deserted those who worthily invoked it. Misfortunes may frown upon you, for misfortunes are the lot of all the children of the earth, but their duration is not for long; and hope in the goodness of Heaven, relied upon in humble confidence, never yet was deceived. Depend upon it that your father lives,

and that Sir Henry Daverout's search for him has been successful; although I confess I cannot explain the reason of his silence."

"Pray tell me; for pity's sake, tell me," said Emmeline, "have you any ground for what you say; or do you only offer me this by way of consoling the distress which you see me suffer?"

"I have the strongest reason to believe the truth of what I say, because it is impossible that if your father had been dead, the certain intelligence of it must have reached England; while, on the other hand, the cause of his silence is sufficiently explained by the circumstance you have mentioned. It is possible, too, that Sir Henry Daverout's letters to you may have been delayed by some unavoidable accident."

"But did Sir Henry tell you he had found my father?" asked Emmeline.

"I cannot say that he told me so," replied Mr. Mortimer, "because that matter was never in question between us; but certainly I had no reason to believe, from him, that the object of his voyage to India had not been successful."

"And do you then really think that Sir Henry's letters will bring me some intelligence of my parent?" asked Emmeline.

"For the reasons I have already given," replied Mr. Mortimer, "I cannot doubt it."

"And you do not say this in mere compassion, and to put an end to my present anxiety?" reiterated Emmeline.

"I assure you, upon my honour, that I speak in perfect sincerity. In the mean time, my dear Miss Laurimer," continued Mr. Mortimer, "let me entreat you to bear with composure the short suspense in which you are unavoidably placed. You are here, if not in

the society of congenial minds, at least among friends."

"Friends!" ejaculated Emmeline; "ah, if you had known the friend I have lost!"

"Nothing can repair such a loss, I admit," said Mr. Mortimer; "but it is the duty of Christians to bow to the decrees of heaven, and to trust that the same dispensation which inflicts woe will minister comfort. Upon the kindness of Lord De Verney's disposition, unless common fame belies him, you may, in any case, rely; and, although I can imagine that Lady De Verney is not a person calculated either to inspire confidence or to excite any strong feeling of regard, her protection and countenance are, in your present position, desirable. Her daughter is a good-tempered trifler, and her son is an excellent young man, who stands a perilous chance of having all his good qualities neutralized, and his happiness

destroyed for want of a friend who can caution him against others, and defend him against himself."

"I trust," said Emmeline, "that in you he has such a friend."

"He has in me a warm and sincere friend," replied Mr. Mortimer; "but I am not yet sure that he will permit me to be as serviceable to him as I wish to be. Time, however, will show. I am now about to quit London for a short time, on urgent business. I will give directions before I go to have inquiries made respecting letters from India, and that they may be forwarded to you as soon as they shall arrive. In the mean time, Miss Laurimer, do not permit yourself to say that you are friendless. Remember that there is one who feels for you, notwithstanding the shortness of our acquaintance, all the regard of a parent, and whose years confer on him the privilege of

saying so without the possibility of his declaration being misunderstood. If anything should render my assistance necessary or serviceable to you, I trust you will command me." As he said this, and before Emmeline had time to reply, Mr. Mortimer withdrew.

Emmeline was surprised and affected at the tone of Mr. Mortimer's speech, and experienced an emotion she was at a loss to account for. She could not understand the strong interest which one, whom she had seen for the first time a few weeks ago, should appear to feel for her, and still less could she account for the powerful affection he had inspired in her. The certain conviction he had expressed that her father was alive, had filled her with high and sanguine expectations, and had, at the same time, excited her so intensely that she was compelled to retire from the gay scene that surrounded her to give vent in the soli-

tude of her chamber to her emotions. After a short time she regained her composure, and returned to the drawing-room.

Lady Helena D'Arcy was there, and had already made the tour of the rooms in search of her friend. When she saw her, she exclaimed, "Where have you been hiding yourself, my dear? Lady De Verney has been asking for you; and even Lord Redhurst, icicle as he is, has thawed himself so far as to express his wonder and regret that you were not here.

"But what is the matter?" she added, as her quick glance discovered that her friend had been weeping. "What has happened to distress?"

"Oh nothing," replied Emmeline; "only let us withdraw into this corner to escape observation, and I will tell you all about it."

In a few moments Emmeline had explained to her friend the cause of her tears, and the

purport of Mr. Mortimer's conversation, by which they had been occasioned.

"Well then, if your weeping has not been caused by grief, I forgive you," said Lady Helena. "But what a dear delightful old gentleman that Mr. Mortimer is. I declare I am more disposed to fall in love with him than with any of the younger pretty fellows one meets with."

"But what do you think of his belief that my father is still living?" asked Emmeline, who had before acquainted her friend with the circumstances of her birth.

"I think with him," replied Lady Helena. "I can very easily account for his silence by his not knowing that he had a daughter; but I am quite convinced that if he were no more, you would have ascertained that melancholy fact long ago. But come, my dear, let us quit this subject, which only tends to make you sad,

and listen to a discovery I have made. What do you think makes the Count Ragotzky so close a follower of your aunt?"

"Nay," replied Emmeline, "that would indeed puzzle me to conjecture, unless it be that her vanity is flattered by his assiduous complaisance, and that he is glad to thrust himself into society by her means."

"Oh dear no," said Lady Helena, "they would be good reasons enough if there were no better; but he has a scheme infinitely more profound than you give him credit for. He is making love to Lady Sophia."

"Impossible!" said Emmeline. "Lady De Verney would never countenance him as a suitor for her daughter."

"So he seems to think," replied Lady Helena, "for he takes all possible pains to conceal it from her; but the fact is so, or never give me credit for penetration again: and I,

who pique myself on my accuracy of observation, risk much in saying that.

"But what reason have you for thinking so?" asked Emmeline.

"No other," replied Lady Helena, "than because I have actually seen him exchanging glances with her; and unless I am still more deceived, that ugly old yellow-faced Mademoiselle is his confidant."

"It cannot be," said Emmeline; "she would never dare."

"She would dare do any thing that might answer, or that she should think would answer her purpose," said Lady Helena. "However, I have told you my suspicions; keep your eye upon them, and you will soon be convinced whether I am right or not."

The ladies had, during this conversation, involuntarily looked several times towards the Count, who fancied he was the subject of their

discourse, and who soon afterwards approached them.

"You do not dance to-night, Lady Helena?" said he.

"No, sir," she replied.

"It is in my country," he said, "that dancing is carried to a great perfection."

"Yes," observed Lady Helena, "I have understood that the national dance of Poland is curious, and that it presents some striking and picturesque figures; but as for gracefulness and variety, I did not know that it was highly famed."

"On the contrary," said the pertinacious Count, talking at the same time a most perverse mixture of French and bad English, "it is the very *comble* of all that the science *de la danse* can effect."

"Well," said Lady Helena, "I must not dispute such a point with one so perfectly well

acquainted as you ought to be; but if I might judge from a ballet which I saw at Vienna, and which was supposed to be Polish, I should have thought that it was as wild and as little marked by grace or science, as the dances of the North American Indians."

"Ah, if you had seen it, as I have, danced in the hall of my father's *chateau*, by more than two hundred ladies and noblemen, the ladies *en bottines*, with little, what you call *éperons*, and the gentlemen in boots also, their sabres *claquant* against the floor, you would have said it was the most *magnifique* spectacle you ever beheld."

Lady Helena bowed.

"Will you permit me Miss Lau——" Emmeline's name was too hard for the Count's utterance. "Will you let me shew you what my country's dance is like?"

Emmeline declined; when Lady De Verney,

who had been listening with admiration to her *protégé*'s description, said, "Pray, Miss Laurimer, let us see a specimen of it, I dare say it is very curious;" at the same time giving her niece one of those looks with which Emmeline was sufficiently acquainted to know that the request amounted to a command.

The idea of figuring about the drawing-room under the instruction of this obtrusive foreigner, was much more than Emmeline could endure. She therefore said, "I really know nothing of the nature of the dance, and should only embarrass the Count. Perhaps he will dispense with my assistance, and shew us alone how the dance is performed."

"Impossible!" cried the Count, "it cannot be danced without a lady."

"Really, Miss Laurimer," said Lady De Verney, with one of her bitterest looks, "you

are extremely slow to oblige, even in the most trifling matters."

Lady Helena saw that nothing would overcome Emmeline's repugnance to what she thought an exhibition; and she perceived that Lady De Verney's anger was mounting so rapidly that it was likely to explode, when Emmeline would certainly be its victim. She did not care a straw about the display, and she understood the dance of which the Count had been talking, perfectly well; she therefore very good-naturedly averted the coming storm, by offering herself to go through the dance.

The Count began by giving Lady Helena some instructions, which she pretended not to comprehend, and very perversely did the contrary of what he pointed out. After she had amused herself and the groupe of persons who had gathered about them for a few minutes

with this affected *gaucherie*, while the Count, who seemed to think it was no laughing matter was getting heartily tired of his pupil, she all at once struck into the true figure of the dance, and executed the various movements with admirable accuracy and grace, and with a spirit and vivacity that delighted every one. The Count was thunderstruck; instead of being himself the object of admiration, as he had intended by his ingenious manœuvre, he found that Lady Helena was the only person looked at; that she not only danced infinitely better than himself—which indeed it was not difficult to do—but that she was much better acquainted with the particular dance of which he had been talking. He became confused, missed the time, and at length made an excuse to Lady Helena to finish the dance.

"Oh dear, not at all," replied Lady Helena, "I began to dance for your pleasure, and now

that I am in the humour, it will be very rude if you do not continue it for mine;" and she compelled the discomfited Count to keep up for some minutes longer. When she had finished he took occasion to withdraw to another part of the room, while Lady Helena received the compliments and praises of every body but Lady De Verney, whose heart boiled with rage at the contemptuous indifference with which Lady Helena had treated her "lion," and which was indeed so strong that it could not be mistaken—and still more at the opportunity she had herself been the means of affording to her for a display of gracefulness and skill which had excited universal admiration. She was, however, too much in the habit of wearing her most amiable looks, on her own nights at least, to permit any sign of discontent to appear. She observed that Lady Helena danced extremely well; "but, my dear," she added,

addressing her, "your style of dancing, graceful and delightful as it is, wants the national characteristic of the Polish dance."

"Indeed," said Lady Helena, "I am sorry to hear your ladyship say so; because if I pride myself upon any thing in so trifling a matter, it is that I do represent exactly the national style."

"Why, my dear," said Lady De Verney, "you must admit that you dance it very differently from the Count; and his manner must be correct."

"I do not see the necessity of the conclusion," replied Lady Helena, "although I admit that my style and that of the Count are very different from each other."

"Do you mean then to contend," asked Lady De Verney with some quickness, "that you know more about it than one who was

born in the country in which this dance originated, and who has practised it all his life?"

"I have not the honour of knowing where the Count was born," replied Lady Helena, with provoking indifference, "but I have seen the dance frequently executed by Poles of distinction. It was a great favourite when we were at Vienna, and I had the good fortune to receive lessons from Staroste, who besides being the first dancer at the Opera there, and one of the most eminent artists in Europe, is himself a Pole."

"I must bow to such authority," said Lady De Verney, sarcastically, "and must conclude that Lady Helena D'Arcy knows more about the matter than any one else. You will at least admit that the Count dances very well?"

"Very well for the style of dancing," replied Lady Helena.

"And pray what style do you call his?" asked Lady De Verney.

"Really I don't know," said Lady Helena, "but its character is like that which I have seen described as the dances of the soldiers and peasants of Poland, and which is more wild and vigorous than graceful."

Lady De Verney was about to say something bitter, and even rude, but recollected herself in time, and, to avoid the temptation she felt she was exposed to, walked away.

Emmeline seized the opportunity which this absence afforded, to thank her friend for having relieved her from her aunt's importunity.

"Don't say a word about it, my dear," said Lady Helena, "it is true I did interpose at first only for the purpose of extricating you from a task which I saw was very disagreeable to you; but upon the whole I am a clear gainer by my amiability. I have had a dance,

which I like very well; I have been praised, which I like better; and I have mortified Lady De Verney and her ridiculous Count, which I like best of all."

"She went away in great anger," said Emmeline; "most likely I shall hear something further about it."

"That is what I most apprehend," replied Lady Helena, "but never mind it. Take my advice: the way to disarm such people as Lady De Verney, is to convince them that their violence has no terrors for you."

"A lesson," said Emmeline, "which it is easier to teach than to learn, and which you would be much better able to practise than I. However, I must endure as well as I can."

"And depend upon it I will help you," replied Lady Helena, "to encounter this formidable dragon, if it should ever come to a battle. But now do me the favour to keep your eye

upon that *soi-disant* Count, who, unless I am mistaken, is a Count of his own creation, and I think you will be convinced that the suspicions I hinted to you are not without foundation. He has got something in his hand which he has been trying to pass to your cousin, Lady Sophia; I'll lay my life it's a *billet doux*."

Emmeline looked in the direction pointed out by her friend, and saw the Count standing near the fire. Lady De Verney was next to him, and her daughter stood close beside her. Mademoiselle Blache was at a little distance behind the groupe, apparently employed in laying with Lady De Verney's pet dog. Emmeline, after a short time, saw the Count pass his hand behind Lady De Verney, and a moment afterwards Lady Sophia extended hers in the same direction. Lady Helena's expectations were fulfilled. The Count was handing a note to the young lady, which she unfortunately let fall, and, with the heedlessness which

she commonly displayed, immediately uttered an exclamation which induced Lady De Verney to turn round,—and the paper lay before her on the rug. Ingenious people are seldom at a loss for an expedient. The convenient Mademoiselle stooped with the rapidity of lightning, seized the paper, and tossed it into the fire, where it was safely consumed before any one could have guessed at what it was.

"What are you doing, Mademoiselle?" asked Lady De Verney, sharply.

"This naughty Cupidon," said Mademoiselle, affecting to scold the dog, "will not do as he is bid. I have been trying to persuade him to fetch that piece of paper which I threw into the fire, and he will not."

Lady De Verney was satisfied with the explanation. The consternation which had seized upon the Count and Lady Sophia was dissipated, and they looked as innocent as before.

Ragotzky passed before the recess in which

Lady Helena and her friend were sitting, and Mademoiselle followed him.—"'*Merci!*" said he, as she passed him. "*Mais la petite mal-a-droite!*"

"*Quitte pour la peur,*" rejoined Mademoiselle, as she passed on.

"Bravo!" said Lady Helena. "Very well managed indeed. Now what think you?"

"I am inclined to think you are right," replied Emmeline; "but what is to be done?"

"Nothing at present. You can do nothing that would be serviceable," said Lady Helena, "but you must watch them. I see the plot plainly enough. Lady Sophia will have two thousand pounds a-year when she comes of age; thanks to the bounty of a deceased maiden aunt. The Count thinks that is a stake worth playing for, and the very respectable Mademoiselle Blache, who is probably tired of Lady De Verney's tyranny, has enlisted in his

service. There is no great danger at present, but we must spoil his plans; and when we see occasion, we must apprize Lord Redhurst of the honour which Mr. Ragotzky intends to confer on him. To interfere just now would be of no use."

"Did you ever see anything more barefaced than the conduct of that Frenchwoman?" asked Emmeline, indignantly.

"My dear, I have seen so many impudent things done in good society, that I am hardly prepared to answer you, although I confess it was a very eminent display of effrontery," replied Lady Helena; "but now I must bid you good-bye. I am going out of town to-morrow for a few weeks. You will write to me of course: be vigilant, and, above all, promise me that Lady De Verney's unkindness shall not make you very unhappy."

"I will do my best," said Emmeline. The

friends then separated, and soon afterwards Emmeline was summoned to accompany Lady Sophia in a song.

Lord Redhurst, who had been absent in the earlier part of the evening, soon afterwards entered the room, and was indolently leaning against one of the folding doors, with the abstracted cold look he commonly wore; and was scanning, with most unconquerable indifference, the various pretensions to beauty displayed in the adjoining room, when a lively acquaintance aroused him, declaring that he had been so long absent from the gay world, he must apply to Frederick for information concerning the reigning fashionables.

"First of all," said he, "who is that young merry-looking thing, with the brightest eyes and the most brilliant complexion I ever beheld?"

Redhurst smiled; but before he could reply,

a friend of the former gentleman, who was in London for the first time in the season, exclaimed—" Ah ! Lord William, what a singular taste you must have, to prefer a merely pretty child to that elegant, interesting creature who stands beside her."

" Well, gentlemen," said Lord Redhurst, " I am sure I ought to be flattered at your praises of my sister and cousin. Lady Sophia is sitting down to the harp, and that pale girl, in mourning and without ornaments, is Emmeline Laurimer."

" Impossible !" exclaimed Lord William Neville, rivetting his eyes on her ; " that cannot be the ever-laughing niece of Lady Maddalena Guyden, whom I once knew."

" It is the same, I assure you," replied Frederick. " Did you know her well ?"

" Did I know her ? . . . Did I ? . . . ." said Lord William, vehemently. " Do I not still

see her elastic form bounding from the earth she scarce deigned to touch; her soft blue eyes beaming intelligence, and her cheek painted with the bright vermilion of nature? What can have changed her thus?"

"And was she really all that?" asked Lord Redhurst, in an unusually mournful accent.

"Aye, and far more than all this," pursued Lord William, with his undiminished earnestness; "I wish I could hear her speak, to persuade myself it is really herself."

"Lord Redhurst," said Emmeline, approaching them at this moment, "your sister wants the song she lent you yesterday."

"I will send for it," said Lord Redhurst; "but first, my fair cousin, here is a friend of mine wishes to renew his acquaintance with you."

Emmeline looked up, and, starting at the unexpected sight of Lord William, extended

her hand with that emotion of gladness which we feel at the appearance of one who reminds us of past pleasures. Lord William Neville she cared little for at any time, and long had ceased to think of, but he recalled those halcyon days which were no more, and which, as they gradually faded in the distance, were remembered with more dear regret.

With interest painful as well as lively, she beheld a person she had known formerly, when her spirits were high, and her soul unclouded. Lord William had known Lady Maddalena, and had admired her rare qualities of mind, and her noble disposition. How many reasons were there for Emmeline's rejoicing at this meeting? She did rejoice, and Lord William was flattered and delighted. His long smothered forgotten flame burst out anew, and his marked attentions soon excited the enquiry—"Who is Lord William Neville flirting with?"

Lady De Verney was as fond as ladies usually are of encouraging matrimony. She had not the slightest particle of affection for Emmeline; on the contrary, she was rather jealous of her beauty and talents, and was forced, in spite of herself, to respect her. She, nevertheless, was glad to see a prospect of disposing of her niece, by which she would at once be freed from the presence of one whom she dared not treat as ill as her inclination would have prompted her, and which would in no way hurt the family pride. She bestowed therefore some of her most gracious smiles on Lord William Neville, was loud in his praises when he was away, and in his presence openly protected him.

Her manner towards Emmeline underwent a marked change, and, although it was far from cordial, her niece felt it was so great a relief from the painful and contemptuous cold-

ness which she had before experienced, that, if it had been carried one degree farther, she could almost have felt an affection for her imperious relative. No suspicion, however, had as yet crossed her mind that there was any thing more in Lord William Neville's attentions to her than his own good nature and politeness, and their former acquaintance, dictated. She believed he had wholly forgotten his temporary passion for her; she was delighted to talk with him about Lady Maddalena, and the tranquil life she had led when he first knew her; and while she looked upon his civilities as meaning nothing, all the people who did her the honour of thinking about her at all, considered her as the future wife of Lord William Neville.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Il cantar che nell'anima si sente,
Il più ne sente l'alma, il men l'orecchio."

PETRARCA.

THE absence of Lady Helena D'Arcy had deprived Emmeline of the chief support she had been able to find against the painful irksomeness of the life she was doomed to lead in Lady De Verney's house. Mr. Mortimer, too, had not returned, and she had received no intelligence of Sir Henry Daverout. This suspense was distressing to her spirits, and almost wore out the hopes she was so reluctant to part with, and which had become much stron-

ger, she hardly knew why, since her last conversation with Mr. Mortimer. In the correspondence which Lady Helena had invited her to, she found, however, some relief; and the liveliness of her friend, and the expression of the sentiments she experienced to one who was disposed to sympathise with them, at once furnished her with an occupation, and blunted the keen edge of her sorrows. In the society of her relatives she was compelled to wear the appearance of tranquillity, but when alone, the bitter recollection of her lonely position sometimes defied all her efforts to restrain her tears. Lord William Neville's attentions to her became daily more strongly marked, and she was forced to admit the suspicion that he regarded her with warmer feelings than those which could be excited merely by their former intimacy. This conviction added to her uneasiness, because she felt that, although she did

full justice to his merit, and had a sincere friendship for him, she could not entertain any other sentiments towards him.

One day that Lady De Verney had taken her daughter out, Emmeline was sitting by herself, reflecting with discomfort on some strong expressions of attachment Lord William had made use of the night before. Lost in her own melancholy thoughts, she did not hear Lord Redhurst enter. Tears slowly bathed a countenance expressive of gentle sorrow; they fell on her work, she shook them off—again they fell, and, laying it down with a despondent air, she rested her head on the table. Her cousin gently turned to leave the room, but a compassionate sigh betrayed him. Emmeline looked up, and faintly addressed him to deliver a message Lady De Verney had left, that he should join her and his sister at an auction whither every one flocked to look at pictures

they did not understand, and buy things they did not want.

Lord Redhurst listened in silence, and with an absent look replied, "I have no time." He threw himself on the sofa, and carelessly turned over the leaves of a book.

"His time is precious, indeed," thought Emmeline, and she smiled as the observation crossed her mind.

"Miss Laurimer," said Lord Redhurst, starting as from a reverie, "you play, I know, and I believe you sing also, although I never hear you at my mother's parties. Is it not so?"

"Certainly it is," replied Emmeline.

"Would it be very unreasonable, on my part, to ask to hear my cousin?" continued he.

"By no means," said the acquiescent Emmeline. "What do you like?"

"Something that is not very *recherché*," he

said, "if you please. I am wearied of fine music."

"That is fortunate," replied she, "as I am not a fine musician," and, striking her harp, after a rapid prelude, she began a mild and mournful air, which Lady Maddalena had taught her because her mother had liked it.

The varying countenance of Emmeline gave added expression to the tones of her harp. Sometimes, as the harmony became more lofty, she would raise her mild eyes to heaven, with the conscious feeling of an elevated being; her whole air then gave the illusion of inspiration, and even Lord Redhurst was for a moment transported. She ceased; the transient colour faded from her cheek; the bright ray of enthusiasm passed away, and she sighed at coming back again to herself.

"Yours is the soul of music," said her

cousin, "it is addressed to the heart. Why has it power over yours but for a moment?"

Emmeline was astonished at the question, and still more at the tone of sensibility with which it was pronounced. She smiled languidly, and replied, "Strong emotions are generally fleeting ones. I am passionately fond of music. I cannot conceive a misery which for the moment it would not have power to make me forget. It raises me out of the world of complicated and harassing trifles; but when it is over must I not return?"

"And is not the return painful—dreadfully painful?" asked Lord Redhurst in a voice of emotion.

"Not to me," answered Emmeline. "I am not happy—but I am not wretched. I have a comfortless—but not a difficult path to pursue. I try to do what is right, and leave the

rest to Providence; not with much hope indeed, but without anxiety."

"My dear cousin," said Lord Redhurst, affectionately, "I have no claim upon your confidence, but I am interested for you, and I am rarely interested about anything. Will you not allow me the comfort of being useful to you? Can I contribute to your pleasure in this house, or can I hasten your marriage with Lord William Neville?"

"Hasten my marriage with Lord William?" replied Emmeline, breathless with astonishment.

Lord Redhurst explained to her that it was the current report in town, and the belief of his mother. She assured him, Lord William had never touched on the subject to her, and that if he had, it would have been useless. The cousin looked for an explanation.

"You do not comprehend me," said she,

with quickness, "and still less do I comprehend you. You have the credulity to believe that a young, and, as it is said, a dissipated nobleman, is so romantic as to wish to marry one with so small a portion of such attractions as are likely to captivate him as I possess. You do not hesitate in supposing your friend, and a man of the world too, to be mastered by the most ungovernable passion; but your imagination refuses to admit the possibility of my not sharing that passion."

"But," said Lord Redhurst, hesitatingly, "must you be in love?" and looking expressly at her, he added, in the words of Pope:

> "Aim not at *joy*, but rest content with *ease*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Emmeline, mournfully.

> "I ask no kind return of love,
> No tempting charm to please;
> Far from the heart those gifts remove,
> That sighs for peace and ease!"

"I am not waiting until I am in love; but I must wait until I respect—I had almost said *revere*—the being I am called upon 'to honour and obey.' I am weak and fearful. I have always dreaded the idea of marriage. It is irrevocable! No energy can destroy it, no repentance can avail; for beyond it is nought, save eternity!"

Miss Laurimer paused, and in a more moderate tone, proceeded. "You are kind enough to express an interest in my fate. While I remain free, it cannot be very bad, for it may change; but I have better reasons than mere selfish ones to offer for the refusal which so much surprises you. I do not think it would be right to marry Lord William Neville, supposing him to be willing to marry me,—which I much doubt. My Aunt Lady Maddalena has not a good opinion of his moral

character. She might have been mistaken; but she was a better judge than I can be."

"You are a severe person," said her cousin, with a smile. "Perhaps you do not know that, in the world, Lady Maddalena was reckoned unmercifully so. There is a great deal of good in that young man, and, I dare say, it was some idle tale of his gaming that displeased my aunt so much—at any rate, he has long left it off."

"And did he ever game?" asked Emmeline, in a tone of horror.

"Would you have had him unlike every one else?" said Lord Redhurst. "How do you suppose I could support the tedium of existence, without such an amusement?"

"Gracious heaven!" said Miss Laurimer, involuntarily retreating, "are you a gamester? No—I will not believe you can sink so low. You are susceptible of kind and gentle

feelings, and cannot they save you from so degrading an occupation? Have you no pride, which says the name of Laurimer must not be sullied by being once coupled with that of sharpers? Do you love no one whom you would spare the regret of hearing you thus employ——?"

"Enough, enough, my kind cousin," said he, hastily interrupting her; "you pain, but cannot change me. I am indifferent to every thing. The world is careless of me, and I am, therefore, careless of myself. If I could be sure of enjoying your conversation, of hearing your celestial harmony, I would cease to say all hours are alike to me, but this cannot be—less now than ever, since you will not marry Lord William." Frederick pronounced the last words in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, and Emmeline in vain sought their meaning.

Her cousin rose hastily. "It is my mother's carriage," said he, "adieu! adieu!" and precipitately he left her.

As Lady De Verney came in, she inquired if Miss Laurimer had seen her son.

"He has just left the room," said Emmeline, with her accustomed simplicity.

Lady De Verney frowned, and Lady Sophia, taking up his hat and gloves, which lay on the sofa, exclaimed, "Dear me, what a hurry Frederick must have been in to forget these; I never knew him do so but once, you remember, mamma, when we thought mademoiselle had broken her leg."

"I suppose you could not take the trouble to deliver my message to Lord Redhurst?" said Lady De Verney, with a stern glance of inquiry.

"Indeed I did tell him," replied Emmeline, "but I do not know whether he heard me, for

he answered carelessly, and appeared to forget it immediately."

"Very well, Miss Laurimer, that will dó; pray let me have no talking about it," impatiently retorted Lady De Verney.

Lady Sophia took away Emmeline, and whispered as they left the room, "Don't mind mamma being cross; she is often so, and I dare say she is only angry with you because Frederick stayed with you instead of coming to us. She has never been quite pleased with him, poor fellow! since he said Lord William Neville would be very fortunate in so lovely and gentle a wife as you."

"My dear Lady Sophia, I assure you," said Emmeline, "it is all a mistake my being to marry Lord William Neville. Neither of us think of it, I do entreat you to believe."

"Indeed you must excuse me," said the

laughing girl, "I must believe my own ears; and I heard Lord William and mamma talking of it not ten minutes ago, and he was thanking her for her good opinion and support with you, and a great deal more I could not listen to, because the Persian Ambassador came in, and I was busy counting how many more folds he had in his turban than mamma puts in hers; so you know I could not hear."

At any other time, perhaps, Emmeline might have answered "of course not;" but, at present, she was too much occupied with the thoughts which her cousin's communication had conjured up, to answer at all. In the course of an hour she received a note from Lord William, which he entreated she would not answer hastily, and even hoped she would not name it in the evening, when they were to meet at a party. Distressed and agitated,

Emmeline escaped from Lady Sophia as quickly as she could, to ponder on the new prospect that opened before her. The reasons she had given her cousin against accepting Lord William's proposals were in full force; but, on the other hand, she thought with gratitude of his long regard for her. An agreeable, well-bred man is never an object of perfect indifference to a lady of Emmeline's years, when he appears as a declared lover. The contrast, too, between the humiliating and comfortless situation she was now in, and the ease and consequence her marriage would give her, was very striking. "Oh, no!" she said to herself, "I will never be so ungrateful. He would marry me from the most disinterested affection; and can I accept him from the selfish idea that an establishment would make me more independent than I now am. No—

it is decided." And, strong in this resolution, she sate down to communicate to Lady Helena the purport of Lord William's offer, and the determination she had come to upon it.

END OF VOL. I.

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